

A decorative title label with a gold-colored border and a central panel. The panel contains the title 'FARM LEGENDS' in a large, stylized font. Below the title, it says 'BY WILL GARLETON' and 'ILLUSTRATED'. The label is adorned with illustrations of wheat stalks, a butterfly, and a small house. The label is mounted on a dark blue background with a grid pattern.

FARM LEGENDS

BY



WILL GARLETON

ILLUSTRATED



119 ✓





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FARM LEGENDS.



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“E’EN IN YOUR DESOLATION YOU ARE NOT QUITE UNBLEST ;
NOT ALL WHO CHOOSE MAY COUNT THEIR WOES UPON A MOTHER’S BREAST.”

FARM LEGENDS.

BY WILL CARLETON,

Author of "Farm Ballads."

ILLUSTRATED.



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P R E F A C E.

THE "Farm Ballads" have met with so kind and general a reception as to encourage the publishing of a companion volume.

In this book, also, the author has aimed to give expression to the truth, that with every person, even if humble or debased, there may be some good, worth lifting up and saving; that in each human being, though revered and seemingly immaculate, are some faults which deserve pointing out and correcting; and that all circumstances of life, however trivial they appear, may possess those alternations of the comic and pathetic, the good and bad, the joyful and sorrowful, upon which walk the days and nights, the summers and winters, the lives and deaths, of this strange world.

He would take this occasion to give a word of thanks to those who have staid with him through evil and good report; who have overlooked his literary faults for the sake of the truths he was struggling to tell; and who have believed—what he knows—that he is honest.

With these few words of introduction, the author launches this second bark upon the sea of popular opinion; grinds his axe, and enters once more the great forest of Human Nature, for timber to go on with his boat-building.

W. C.



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FARM LEGENDS.

FARM LEGENDS



THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.

I.

THE district school-master was sitting behind his great book-laden desk,
Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay
and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk
breezes have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered
hum.

Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when treading a
forest path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels
struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face
was withstanding a drouth ;
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new
moon for a mouth.

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they
bore names that could bloom ;
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young
knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes
fixed on a pin,
Queer-bent on a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins's
skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-
books into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine just
starting its train.

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at the
sums on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable
hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin
lips a short twist,
As to say, " I could whip you, confound you ! could such
things be done with the fist ! "

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one with
some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young
master likes best.

A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with
difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at all
of his veins ;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness
stood,
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene all
he could.

II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old
school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a wood-
grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-master's rickety
chair,
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles'
sword by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-blades had
wandered in search of their prey ;
Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they drank ink
every day.

The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and broke out
in red-flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce to
rush out-o'-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows ; the gale pressed
its lips to the cracks ;
And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while they
were freezing their backs.

III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his suff'rings
 were o'er,
 And the class to their seats were retreating, when footsteps
 were heard at the door ;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the room
 in a row,
 And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook off
 their white cloaks of snow ;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with counte-
 nance solemnly sad,
 Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the
 ears that they had :

“ We've come here, school-master, intendin' to cast an in-
 quirin' eye 'round,
 Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault that has
 lately been found ;
 To pace off the width of your doin's, an' witness what
 you've been about,
 An' see if it's payin' to keep you, or whether we'd best turn
 ye out.

“ The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the class
 gets up to read,
 You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up more
 than they need ;
 You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the book in
 one han',
 An' you turn a stray g in their doin's, an' tack an odd *d* on
 their *an*'.

“AND NODDED OBLIQUELY, AND MUTTERED, ‘THEM ’ERE IS MY SENTIMENTS TEW.’”



ROBERT SMITH 303



There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the words so
polite, as *I* see,
Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off jest as
they be.
An' then there's that readin' in cornert, is censured from
first unto last ;
It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a travelin
past.
Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go to *my*
say,
Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-
fashioned way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the con-
sent that was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "*Them 'ere is my*
sentiments tew."

"Then, as to your spellin' : I've heern tell, by them as has
looked into this,
That you turn the *u* out o' your labour, an' make the word
shorter than 'tis ;
An' clip the *k* off o' yer musick, which makes my son
Ephraim perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word on
to the next.
They say there's some new-grafted books here that don't
take them letters along ;
But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted books is
made wrong.
You might just as well say that Jackson didn't know all
there was about war,

As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me,
Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, an' also the old Rule o' Three ;
An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin' scholars to please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *w's*, *x*, *y's*, and *z's*.
We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great good to be reached
By tiptoein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was taught."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "*Them's my sentiments tew.*"

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar^f you're teachin' our gals for to say.
My gals is as steady as clock-work, an' never give cause for much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff as this here :

'*I love,*' an' '*Thou lovest,*' an' '*He loves,*' an' '*Ye love,*' an'
'*You love,*' an' '*They—*'

An' they answered my questions, 'It's grammar'—'twas all
I could get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on
so

As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that
I want to know ;—"

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of
evening before,

Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come
down on the floor ;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher
to what he had said,

A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square
on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with
black all the place,

And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered
with black in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their
cumbersome books,

And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud' at
their visitors' looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths
of a violet hue ;

And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say,
"*Them's my sentiments tero.*"

THREE LINKS OF A LIFE.

I.

A word went over the hills and plains
Of the scarce-hewn fields that the Tiffin drains,
Through dens of swamps and jungles of trees,
As if it were borne by the buzzing bees
As something sweet for the sons of men ;
Or as if the blackbird and the wren
Had lounged about each ragged clearing
To gossip it in the settlers' hearing ;
Or the partridge drum-corps of the wood
Had made the word by mortals heard,
And Diana made it understood ;
Or the loud-billed hawk of giant sweep
Were told it as something he must keep ;

As now, in the half-built city of Lane,
Where the sons of the settlers strive for gain,
Where the Indian trail is graded well,
And the anxious ring of the engine-bell
And the Samsons Steam's deep, stuttering word
And the factory's dinner-horn are heard ;
Where burghers fight, in friendly guise,
With spears of bargains and shields of lies ;

Where the sun-smoked farmer, early a-road,
Rides into the town his high-built load
Of wood or wool, or corn or wheat,
And stables his horses in the street ;—
It seems as to each and to every one
A deed were known ere it well be done,
As if, in spite of roads or weather,
All minds were whispering together ;
So over the glens and rough hill-sides
Of the fruitful land where the Tiffin glides,
Went the startling whisper, clear and plain,
“ *There’s a new-born baby over at Lane !* ”

Now any time, from night till morn,
Or morn till night, for a long time-flight,
Had the patient squaws their children borne ;
And many a callow, coppery wight
Had opened his eyes to the tree-flecked light,
And grown to the depths of the woodland dell
And the hunt of the toilsome hills as well
As though at his soul a bow were slung,
And a war-whoop tattooed on his tongue ;
But never before, in the Tiffin’s sight,
Had a travail bloomed with a blossom of white.

And the fire-tanned logger no longer pressed
His yoke-bound steeds and his furnace fire ;
And the gray-linked log-chain drooped to rest,
And the hard face softened with sweet desire ;
And the settler-housewife, rudely wise,
With the forest’s shrewdness in her eyes,
Yearned, with tenderly wondering brain,
For the new-born baby over at Lane.

And the mother lay in her languid bed,
When the flock of visitors had fled—
When the crowd of settlers all had gone,
And left the young lioness alone
With the tiny cub they had come to see
In the rude-built log menagerie ;
When grave Baw Beese, the Indian chief,
As courtly as ever prince in his prime,
Or cavalier of the olden time,
Making his visit kind as brief,
Had beaded the neck of the pale-face miss,
And dimpled her cheek with a farewell kiss ;
When the rough-clad room was still as sleek,
Save the deaf old nurse's needle-click,
The beat of the grave clock in its place,
With its ball-tipped tail and owl-like face,
And the iron tea-kettle's droning song
Through its Roman nose so black and long,
The mother lifted her baby's head,
And gave it a clinging kiss, and said :

Why did thou come so straight to me,

Thou queer one ?

Thou might have gone where riches be,

Thou dear one !

For when 'twas talked about in heaven,

To whom the sweet soul should be given,

If thou had raised thy pretty voice,

God sure had given to thee a choice,

My dear one, my queer one !

“ Babe in the wood ” thou surely art,

My lone one :

But thou shalt never play the part,
 My own one !
Thou ne'er shalt wonder up and down,
With none to claim thee as their own ;
Nor shall the Redbreast, as she grieves,
Make up for thee a bed of leaves,
 My own one, my lone one !

Although thou be not Riches' flower,
 Thou neat one,
Yet thou hast come from Beauty's bower,
 Thou sweet one !
Thy every smile's as warm and bright
As if a diamond mocked its light ;
Thy every tear's as pure a pearl
As if thy father was an earl,
 Thou neat one, thou sweet one !

And thou shalt have a queenly name,
 Thou grand one :
A lassie's christening's half her fame,
 Thou bland one !
And may thou live so good and true,
The honor will but be thy due ;
And friends shall never be ashamed,
Or when or where they hear thee named,
 Thou bland one, thou grand one !

E'en like the air—our rule and sport—
 Thou meek one,
Thou art my burden and support,
 Thou weak one !

Like manna in the wilderness,
A joy hath come to soothe and bless ;
But 'tis a sorrow unto me,
To love as I am loving thee,
 Thou weak one, thou meek one !

The scarlet-coated child-thief waits,
 Thou bright one,
To bear thee through the sky-blue gates,
 Thou light one !
His feverish touch thy brow may pain,
And while I to my sad lips strain
The sheath of these bright-beaming eyes,
The blade may flash back to the skies,
 Thou light one, thou bright one !

And if thou breast the morning storm,
 Thou fair one,
And gird a woman's thrilling form,
 Thou rare one :
Sly hounds of sin thy path will trace,
And on thy unsuspecting face
Hot lust will rest its tarnished eyes,
And thou wilt need be worldly-wise,
 Thou rare one, thou fair one !

O that the heaven that smiles to-day,
 My blest one,
May give thee light to see thy way,
 My best one !
That when around thee creeps The Gloom,

The gracious God will call thee home,
And then, increased a hundredfold,
Thou proudly hand Him back His gold,
My best one, my blest one !

II.

A word went over the many miles
Of the well-tilled land where the Tiffin smiles,
And sought no youthful ear in vain :
“ *There’s a wedding a-coming off at Lane !*”

They stood in the shade of the western door—
Father, mother, and daughter one—
And gazed, as they oft had gazed before,
At the downward glide of the western sun.
The rays of his never-jealous light
Made even the cloud that dimmed him bright ;
And lower he bent, and kissed, as he stood,
The lips of the distant blue-eyed wood.

And just as the tired sun bowed his head,
The sun-browned farmer sighed, and said :

And so you’ll soon be goin’ away,
My darling little Bess ;
And you ha’ been to the store to-day,
To buy your weddin’-dress ;

And so your dear good mother an’ I,
Whose love you long have known,
Must lay the light o’ your presence by,
And walk the road alone.

So come to-night, with mother and me,
To the porch for an hour or two,
And sit on your old father's knee,
The same as you used to do ;

For we, who ha' loved you for many a year,
And clung to you strong and true,
Since we've had the young Professor here,
Have not had much of you !

But lovers be lovers while earth endures ;
And once on a time, be it known,
I helped a girl with eyes like yours
Construct a world of our own ;

And we laid it out in a garden spot,
And dwelt in the midst of flowers,
Till we found that the world was a good-sized lot,
And most of it wasn't ours !

You're heavier, girl, than when you come
To us one cloudy day,
And seemed to feel so little at home,
We feared you wouldn't stay ;

Till I knew the danger was passed, because
You'd struck so mortal a track,
And got so independent an' cross,
God never would let you back !

But who would ever ha' had the whim,
When you lay in my arms an' cried,
You'd some time sit here, pretty an' prim,
A-waitin' to be a bride !

But lovers be lovers while earth goes on,
And marry, as they ought ;
And if you would keep the heart you've won,
Remember what you've been taught :

Look first that your wedded lives be true,
With naught from each other apart ;
For the flowers of true love never grow
In the soil of a faithless heart.

Look next that the buds of health shall rest
Their blossoms upon your cheek ;
For life and love are a burden at best
If the body be sick and weak.

Look next that your kitchen fire be bright,
And your hands be neat and skilled ;
For the love of man oft takes its flight
If his stomach be not well filled.

Look next that your money is fairly earned
Ere ever it be spent ;
For comfort and love, however turned,
Will ne'er pay ten per cent.

And, next, due care and diligence keep
That the mind be trained and fed ;
For blessings ever look shabby and cheap
That light on an empty head.

And if it shall please the gracious God
That children to you belong,
Remember, my child, and spare the rod
Till you've taught them right and wrong ;

And show 'em that though this life's a start
 For the better world, no doubt,
 Yet earth an' heaven ain't so far apart
 As many good folks make out.

III.

A word went over the broad hill-sweeps
 Of the listening land where the Tiffin creeps :
 ‘ *She married, holding on high her head ;
 But the groom was false as the vows he said ;
 With lies and crimes his days are checked ;
 The girl is alone, and her life is wrecked.*’

The midnight rested its heavy arm
 Upon the grief-encumbered farm ;
 And hoarse-voiced Sorrow wandered at will,
 Like a moan when the summer's night is still
 And the spotted cows, with bellies of white,
 And well filled teats all crowded awry,
 Stood in the black stalls of the night,
 Nor herded nor milked, and wondered why.
 And the house was gloomy, still, and cold ;
 And the hard-palmed farmer, newly old,
 Sat in an unfrequented place,
 Hiding e'en from the dark his face ;
 And a solemn silence rested long
 On all, save the cricket's dismal song.

But the mother drew the girl to her breast,
 And gave to her spirit words of rest :
 Come to my lap, my wee-grown baby ; rest
 thee upon my knee ;

You have been travelling toward the light, and drawing
away from me ;
You turned your face from my dark path to catch the light
o' the sun,
And 'tis no more nor less, my child, than children ever
have done.

So you joined hands with one you loved, when we to the
cross-road came,
And went your way, as Heaven did say, and who but
Heaven to blame ?

You must not weep that him you chose was all the time
untrue,
Or stab with hate the man whose heart you thought was
made for you.
The love God holds for your bright soul is more to get and
give
Than all the love of all of the men while He may bid them
live.
So let your innocence stanch the wound made by another's
guilt ;
For Vengeance' blade was ever made with neither guard nor
hilt.

Who will avenge you darling ? The sun that shines on high.
He will paint the picture of your wrongs before the great
world's eye.
He will look upon your sweet soul, in its pure mantle of
white,
Till it shine upon your enemies, and dazzle all their sight.
He'll come each day to point his finger at him who played
the knave ;
And 'tis denied from him to hide, excepting in the grave.

Who will avenge you, darling? Your sister, the sky above.
 Each cloud she floats above you shall be a token of love ;
 She will bend o'er you at night-fall her pure broad breast of
 blue,
 And every gem that glitters there shall flash a smile to you.
 And all her great wide distances to your good name belong ;
 'Tis not so far from star to star as 'twixt the right and
 wrong.

Who will avenge you, darling? All the breezes that blow.
 They will whisper to each other your tale of guiltless woe ;
 The perfumes that do load them your innocence shall bless,
 And they will soothe your aching brow with pitying, kind
 caress.

They will sweep away the black veil that hangs about your
 fame :
 There is no cloud that long can shroud a virtuous woman's
 name.

Who will avenge you, darling? The one who proved untrue.
 His memory must undo him, whate'er his will may do ;
 The pitch-black night will come when he must meet Re-
 morse alone ;
 He will rush at your avenging as if it were his own.
 His every sin is but a knot that yet shall hold him fast ;
 For guilty hands but twine the strands that fetter them at
 last.

Lay thee aside thy grief, darling !—lay thee aside thy grief !
 And Happiness will cheer thee beyond all thy belief !
 As oft as winter comes summer, as sure as night comes day,
 And as swift as sorrow cometh, so swift it goeth away !
 E'en in your desolation you are not quite unblest :
 Not all who choose may count their woes upon a mother's
 breast.

ROB, THE PAUPER.

I.

Rob, the Pauper, is loose again.

Through the fields and woods he races.
He shuns the women, he beats the men,
He kisses the children's frightened faces.
There is no mother he hath not fretted :
There is no child he hath not petted ;
There is no house, by road or lane,
He did not tap at the window pane,
And make more dark the dismal night,
And set the faces within with white.

Rob, the Pauper, is wild of eye,
Wild of speech, and wild of thinking ;
Over his forehead broad and high,
Each with each wild locks are linking.
Yet there is something in his bearing
Not quite what a pauper should be wearing ;
In every step is a shadow of grace ;
The ghost of a beauty haunts his face ;
The rags half sheltering him to-day
Hang not on him in a beggarly way.

Rob, the Pauper, is crazed of brain :
 The world is a lie to his shattered seeming.
 No woman is true unless insane ;
 No man but is full of lecherous scheming.
 Woe to the wretch, of whate'er calling,
 That crouches beneath his cudgel's falling !
 Pity the wife, howe'er high-born,
 Who wilts beneath his words of scorn !
 But youngsters he caresses as wild
 As a mother would kiss a rescued child.

He hath broke him loose from his poor-house cell ;
 He hath dragged him clear from rope and fetter.
 They might have thought ; for they knew full well
 They could keep a half-caged panther better.
 Few are the knots so strategy-shunning
 That they can escape his maniac cunning ;
 Many a stout bolt strives in vain
 To bar his brawny shoulders' strain ;
 The strongest men in town agree
 That the Pauper is good for any three.

He hath crossed the fields, the woods, the street ;
 He hides in the swamp his wasted feature ;
 The frog leaps over his bleeding feet ;
 The turtle crawls from the frightful creature.
 The loud mosquito, hungry-flying,
 For his impoverished blood is crying ;
 The scornful hawk's loud screaming sneer
 Falls painfully upon his ear ;
 And close to his unstartled eye
 The rattlesnake creeps noisily by.

He hath fallen into a slough of sleep.

A haze of the past bends softly o'er him.
His restless spirit a watch doth keep,
As Memory's canvas glides before him.
Through slumber's distances he travels ;
The tangled skein of his mind unravels ;
The bright past dawns through a cloud of dreams,
And once again in his prime he seems ;
For over his heart's lips, as a kiss,
Sweepeth a vision like to this :

A cozy kitchen, a smooth-cut lawn,
A zephyr of flowers in the bright air straying ;
A graceful child, as fresh as dawn,
Upon the greensward blithely playing ;
Himself on the door-stone idly sitting,
A blonde-haired woman about him flitting.
She fondly stands beside him there,
And deftly toys with his coal-black hair,
And hovers about him with her eyes,
And whispers to him, pleading-wise :

O Rob, why will you plague my heart ? why will you try
me so ?

Is she so fair, is she so sweet, that you must need desert
me ?

I saw you kiss her twice and thrice behind the maple row,
And each caress you gave to her did like a dagger hurt
me.

Why should for her and for her smiles your heart a moment
hunger ?

What though her shape be trim as mine, her face a trifle
younger?

She does not look so young to you as I when we were wed
She can not speak more sweet to you than words that I
have said;

She can not love you half so well as I, when all is done;
And she is not your wedded wife—the mother of your son.

O Rob, you smile and toss your head; you mock me in
your soul;

You say I would be overwise—that I am jealous of you;
And what if my tight-bended heart should spring beyond
control?

My jealous tongue but tells the more the zeal with which
I love you.

Oh, we might be so peaceful here, with nothing of reprov-
ing!

Oh, we might be so happy here, with none to spoil our
loving!

Why should a joy be more a joy because, forsooth, 'tis hid?
How can a kiss be more a kiss because it is forbid?

Why should the love you get from her be counted so much
gain,

When every smile you give to her but adds unto my pain?

O Rob, you say there is no guilt betwixt the girl and you:
Do you not know how slack of vows may break the bond
that's dearest?

You twirl a plaything in you hand, not minding what you
do,

And first you know it flies from you, and strikes the one
that's nearest.

So do not spoil so hopelessly you ne'er may cease your
ruing ;

The finger-post of weakened vows points only to undoing.
Remember there are years to come, and there are thorns
of woe

That you may grasp if once you let the flowers of true love
go.

Remember the increasing bliss of marriage undefiled ;
Remember all the pride or shame that waits for yonder
child !

II.

Rob, the Pauper, awakes and runs ;

A clamor cometh clear and clearer.

They are hunting him with dogs and guns ;

They are every moment pressing nearer.

Through pits of stagnant pools he pushes,

Through the thick sumac's poison bushes ;

He runs and stumbles, leaps and clambers,

Through the dense thicket's breathless chambers.

The swamp-slime stains at his bloody tread ;

The tamarack branches rasp his head.

From bog to bog, and from slough to slough,

He flees, but his foes come yelling nearer ;

And ever unto his senses now

The long-drawn bay of the hounds is clearer.

He is worn and worried, hot and panting ;

He staggers at every footstep's planting ;

The hot blood races through his brain ;

His every breath is a twinge of pain ;

Black shadows dance before his eyes ;

The echoes mock his agony-cries.

'They have hunted him to the open field ;
 He is falling upon their worn-out mercies.
 'They loudly call to him to yield ;
 He hoarsely pays them back in curses.
 His blood-shot eye is wildly roaming ;
 His firm-set mouth with rage is foaming ;
 He waves his cudgel, with war-cry loud,
 And dares the bravest of the crowd.
 There springs at his throat a hungry hound ;
 He dashes its brains into the ground.

Rob, the Pauper, is sorely pressed.
 The men are crowding all around him.
 He crushes one to a bloody rest,
 And breaks again from the crowd that bound him.
 The crash of a pistol comes unto him—
 A well-spued ball goes crushing through him ;
 But still he rushes on—yet on—
 Until, at last, some distance won,
 He mounts a fence with a madman's ease,
 And this is something of what he sees :

A lonely cottage, some tangled grass,
 Thickets of thistles, dock, and mullein ;
 A forest of weeds he scarce can pass,
 A broken chimney, cold and sullen ;
 Trim housewife-ants, with rush uncertain,
 The spider hanging her gauzy curtain.
 'The Pauper falls on the dusty floor,
 And there rings in his failing ear once more
 A voice as it might be from the dead,
 And says, as it long hath said :

O Rob, I have a word to say—a cruel word—to you :

I can no longer live a lie—the truth for air is calling !

I can not keep the secret locked that long has been your
due,

Not if you strike me to the ground, and spurn me in
my falling !

He came to me when first a cloud across your smile was
creeping—

He came to me—he brought to me a slighted heart for
keeping ;

He would not see my angry frown ; he sought me, day by
day ;

I flung at him hot words of scorn, I turned my face away.
I bade him dread my husband's rage when once his words
were known.

He smiled at me, and said I had no husband of my own !

O Rob, his words were overtrue ! they burned into my
brain !

I could not rub them out again, were I awake or sleep-
ing !

I saw you kiss her twice and thrice—my chidings were in
vain—

And well I knew your wayward heart had wandered from
my keeping.

I counted all that was at stake—I bribed my pride with
duty ;

I knelt before your manly face, in worship of its beauty ;
I painted pictures for your eyes you were too blind to see ;
I worked at all the trades of love, to earn you back to me ;
I threw myself upon your heart ; I plead and prayed to
stay ;

I held my hands to you for help—you pushed them both
away !

He came to me again ; he held his eager love to me—

To me, whose weak and hungry heart deep desolation
dreaded !

And I had learned to pity him ; but still my will was free,
And once again I threatened him, and warned him I was
wedded.

He bade me follow him, and see my erring fancy righted.

We crept along a garden glade by moonbeams dimly lighted ;
She silent sat 'mid clustering vines, though much her eyes
did speak,

And your black hair was tightly pressed unto her glowing
cheek

It crazed me, but he soothed me sweet with love's unnum-
bered charms ;

I, desolate, turned and threw myself into his desolate
arms !

O Rob, you know how little worth, when once a woman
slips,

May be the striking down a hand to save herself from
falling !

Once more my heart groped for your heart, my tired lips
sought your lips ;

But 'twas too late—'twas after dark—and you were past
recalling.

'Tis hard to claim what once is given ; my foe was unre-
lenting ;

Vain were the tempests of my rage, the mists of my re-
penting.

The night was dark, the storm had come, the fancy-stars of
youth

Were covered over by the thick unfading cloud of truth ;

So one by one the stars went back, each hid its pale white
face,
Till all was dark, and all was drear, and all was black dis-
grace.

O Rob, good-by ; a solemn one !—'tis till the Judgment-
day.

You look about you for the boy ? You never more shall
see him.

He's crying for his father now full many miles away ;

For he is mine—you need not rage—you can not find or
free him.

We might have been so peaceful here, with nothing of re-
proving—

We might have been so happy here, with none to spoil our
loving—

As I, a guilty one, might kiss a corpse's waiting brow,

I bend to you where you have fallen, and calmly kiss you
now ;

As I, a wronged and injured one, might seek escape's glad
door,

I wander forth into the world, to enter here no more.

III.

Rob, the Pauper, is lying in state.

In a box of rough-planed boards, unpainted,
He waits at the poor-house grave-yard gate,

For a home by human lust untainted.

They are crowding around and closely peering

At the face of their foe who is past their fearing ;

The men lift children up to see
The arms of the man who was good for three ;
The women gaze and hold their breath,
For the man looks kingly even in death.

They have gone to their homes anear and far—
Their joys and griefs, their loves and hating ;
Some to sunder the ties that are,
And some to cooing wooing and mating.
They will pet and strike, they will strive and blunder,
And leer at their woes with innocent wonder ;
They will swiftly sail love's delicate bark,
With never a helm, in the dangerous dark ;
They will ne'er quite get it understood
That the Pauper's woes were for their good.



THE THREE LOVERS.

Here's a precept, young man, you should follow with care :
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square,

Mr. 'Liakim Smith was a hard-fisted farmer,
Of moderate wealth,
And immoderate health,

Who fifty-odd years, in a stub-and-twist armor
Of callus and tan,
Had fought like a man

His own dogged progress, through trials and cares,
And log-heaps and brush-heaps and wild-cats and bears,
And agues and fevers and thistles and briars,
Poor kinsmen, rich foemen, false saints, and true liars ;
Who oft, like the "man in our town," otherwise,
'Through the brambles of error had scratched out his eyes,
And when the unwelcome result he had seen,
Had altered his notion,
Reversing the motion,

And scratched them both in again, perfect and clean ;
Who had weathered some storms, as a sailor might say,
And tacked to the left and the right of his way,
'Till he found himself anchored, past tempests and breakers.
Upon a good farm of a hundred-odd acres.

As for 'Liakim's wife, in four words may be told
 Her whole standing in life :
 She was 'Liakim's wife.

Whereas she'd been young, she was now growing old,
 But did, she considered, as well as one could,
 When HE looked on her hard work, and saw that 'twas good.
 The family record showed only a daughter ;

But she had a face,
 As if each fabled Grace

In a burst of delight to her bosom had caught her,
 Or as if all the flowers in each Smith generation
 Had blossomed at last in one grand culmination.
 Style lingered unconscious in all of her dresses ;
 She'd starlight for glances, and sunbeams for tresses.
 Wherever she went, with her right royal tread,
 Each youth, when he'd passed her a bit, turned his head ;
 And so one might say, though the figure be strained,
 She had turned half the heads that the township contained.

Now Bess had a lover—a monstrous young hulk ;
 A farmer by trade—
 Strong, sturdy, and staid ;
 A man of good parts—if you counted by bulk ;
 A man of great weight—by the scales ; and, indeed,
 A man of some depth—as was shown by his feed.
 His face was a fat exclamation of wonder ;
 His voice was not quite unsuggestive of thunder ;
 His laugh was a cross 'twixt a yell and a chuckle ;
 He'd a number one foot,
 And a number ten boot,
 And a knock-down reserved in each separate 'knuckle.

He'd a heart mad in love with the girl of his choice,
Who made him alternately mope and rejoice,
By dealing him one day discouraging messes,
And soothing him next day with smiles and caresses.

Now Bess had a lover, who hoped her to wed—
A rising young lawyer—more rising than read ;
Whose theories all were quite startling ; and who,
 Like many a chap
 In these days of strange hap,
Was living on what he expected to do ;
While his landlady thought 'twould have been rather neat
 Could he only have learned,
 Till some practice was earned,
To subsist upon what he expected to eat.
He was bodily small, howe'er mentally great,
And suggestively less than a hundred in weight.

Now Bess had a lover—young Patrick ; a sinner,
 And lad of all work,
 From the suburbs of Cork,
Who worked for her father, and thought *he* could win her.
And if Jacob could faithful serve fourteen years through,
 And still thrive and rejoice,
 For the girl of his choice,
He thought he could play the same game one or two.

Now 'Liakim Smith had a theory hid,
 And by egotism fed,
 Somewhere up in his head,
That a dutiful daughter should always as bid
Grow old in the service of him who begot her,

Imbibe his beliefs,
 Have a care for his griefs,
 And faithfully bring him his cider and water
 So, as might be expected, he turned up his nose,
 Also a cold shoulder, to Bessie's two beaux,
 And finally turned them away from his door,
 Forbidding them ever to enter it more ;
 And detailed young Patrick as kind of a guard,
 With orders to keep them both out of the yard.
 So Pat took his task with a treacherous smile,
 And bullied the small one,
 And dodged the big tall one,
 And slyly made love to Miss Bess all the while.

But one evening, when 'Liakim and wife crowned their
 labors

 With praise and entreating
 At the village prayer-meeting,
 And Patrick had stepped for a while to some neighbor's,
 The lawyer had come, in the trimmest of dress,
 And, dapper and slim,
 And small, e'en for him,
 Was holding a session of court with Miss Bess.
 And Bess, sly love-athlete, was suited first rate
 At a flirtation-mill with this legal light-weight ;
 And was listening to him, as minutes spun on,
 Of pleas he could make,
 And of fees he would take,
 And of suits that h'e should, in the future, have won ;
 When just as the cold, heartless clock counted eight,
 Miss Bessie's quick ear caught a step at the gate.

“’Tis mother !” she cried : “ oh, go quick, I implore !
But father’ll drive ’round and come in the back-door !
You can not escape them, however you turn !
So hide for a while—let me see—in this churn !”

The churn was quite large enough for him to turn in—
Expanded out so,
By machinery to go,
’Twould have done for a dairy-man·Cyclops to churn in.
’Twas fixed for attaching a pitman or lever,
To go by a horse-power—a notion quite clever,
Invented and built by the Irishman, Pat,
Who pleased Mrs. ’Liakim hugely by that.

The lawyer went into the case with much ease,
And hugged the belief
That the cause would be brief,
And settled himself down with hardly a squeeze.
And Bess said, “ Keep still, for there’s plenty of room,”
And shut down the cover and left him in gloom.

But scarcely were matters left decently so,
In walked—not her mother,
But—worry and bother !—
The mammoth young farmer, whose first name was Joe.
And he gleefully sung, in a heavy bass tone,
Which came in one note
From the depths of his throat,
“ I’m glad I have come, since I’ve found you alone.
Let’s sit here a while, by this kerosene light,
An’ spark it a while now with all of our might.”
And Bessie was willing ; and so they sat down,
The maiden so fair and the farmer so brown.

They talked of things great, and they talked of things small,
Which none could condemn,
And which may have pleased them,
But which did not interest the lawyer at all ;
And Bessie seemed giving but little concern
To the feelings of him she had shut in the churn.

Till Bessie just artlessly mentioned the man,
And Joe with a will to abuse him began,
And called him full many an ignoble name,
Appertaining to "Scrubby,"
And "Shorty," and "Stubby,"
And other descriptions not wide of the same ;
And Bessie said naught in the lawyer's behalf,
But seconded Joe, now and then, with a laugh ;
And the lawyer said nothing, but winked at his fate,
And, somewhat abashed,
And decidedly dashed,
Accepted Joe's motions sans vote or debate.
And several times he, with policy stern,
Repressed a desire to break out of the churn,
Well knowing he thus might get savagely used,
And if not quite eaten,
Would likely be beaten,
And probably injured as well as abused.

But now came another quick step at the door,
And Bessie was fearful, the same as before ;
And tumbling Joe over a couple of chairs,
With a general sound
Of thunder all 'round,
She hurried him up a short pair of back-stairs ;



“SEVERAL TIMES HE, WITH POLICY STERN,
REPEASED A DESIRE TO BREAK OUT OF THE CHURN.”

And close in the garret condemned him to wait
Till orders from her, be it early or late.
Then tripping her way down the staircase, she said,
“ I'll smuggle them off when the folks get to bed.”

It was not her parents ; 'twas crafty young Pat,
Returned from his visit ; and straightway *he* sat
Beside her, remarking, The chairs were in place,
So he would sit near her, and view her sweet face.
So gayly they talked, as the minutes fast flew,
Discussing such matters as both of them knew,
While often Miss Bessie's sweet laugh answered back,

For Pat, be it known,
Had some wit of his own,

And in irony's efforts was sharp as a tack.

And finally Bessie his dancing tongue led,

By a sly dextrous turn,
To the man in the churn,

And the farmer, who eagerly listened o'erhead ;

Whereat the young Irishman volubly gave

A short dissertation,

Whose main information

Was that one was a fool, and the other a knave.

Slim chance there must be for the world e'er to learn
How pleasant this was to the man in the churn ;
Though, to borrow a figure lent by his position,
He was doubtless in somewhat a worked-up condition.

It may ne'er be sung, and it may ne'er be said,

How well it was liked by the giant o'erhead.

He lay on a joist—for there wasn't any floor—

And the joists were so few,
And so far apart too,
He could not, in comfort, preempt any more ;
And he nearly had knocked through the plastering quite,
And challenged young Pat to a fair and square fight ;
But he dared not do otherwise than Bessie had said,
For fear, as a lover, he might lose his head.

But now from the meeting the old folks returned,
And sat by the stove as the fire brightly burned ;
And Patrick came in from the care of the team ;
And since in the house there was overmuch cream,
He thought that the horses their supper might earn,
And leave him full way
To plow early next day,
By working that night for a while at the churn.

The old folks consented ; and Patrick went out,
Half chuckling, for he had a shrewd Irish doubt,
From various slight sounds he had chanced to discern,
That Bess had a fellow shut up in the churn.

The lawyer, meanwhile, in his hiding place cooped,
Low-grunted and hitched and contorted and stooped,
But hung to the place like a man in a dream ;
And when the young Irishman went for the team,
To stay or to fly, he could hardly tell which ;
But hoping to get
Nearly out of it yet,
He concluded to hang till the very last hitch.

The churn was on one side of the house, recollect,
So rods with the horse-power outside could connect ;

Now Joe lay full length on the scantling o'erhead,
And tried to make out
What it all was about,
By list'ning to all that was done and was said ;
But somehow his balance became uncontrolled,
And he on the plastering heavily rolled.
It yielded instanter, came down with a crash,
And fell on the heads of the folks with a smash.
And there his plump limbs through the orifice swung,
And he caught by the arms and disgracefully hung,
His ponderous body so clumsy and thick,
Wedged into that posture as tight as a brick.
And 'Liakim Smith, by amazement made dumb
At those legs in the air
Hanging motionless there,
Concluded that this time the devil had come ;
And seizing a chair, he belabored them well,
While the head pronounced words that no printer would
spell.

And there let us leave them, 'mid outcry and clatter,
To come to their wits, and then settle the matter ;
And take for the moral this inference fair :
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.



THE SONG OF HOME.

“Sing me a song, my Alice, and let it be your choice,
So as you pipe out plainly, and give me the sweet o’ your
 voice ;
An’ it be not new-fashioned : the new-made tunes be cold,
An’ never awake my fancy like them that’s good an’ old.
Fie on your high-toned gimcracks, with rests an’ beats an’
 points,
Shaking with trills an’ quavers—creakin’ in twenty joints !
Sing me the good old tunes, girl, that roll right off the
 tongue,
Such as your mother gave me when she an’ I was young.”

So said the Farmer Thompson, smoking his pipe of clay,
Close by his glowing fire-place, at close of a winter day.
He was a lusty fellow, with grizzled beard unshorn,
Hair half combed and flowing, clothing overworn ;
Boots of mammoth pattern, with many a patch and rent ;
Hands as hard as leather, body with labor bent ;
Face of resolution, and lines of pain and care,
Such as the slow world’s vanguards are ever doomed to
 bear ;
While from his eyes the yearnings of unemployed desire
Gleamed like the fitful embers of a half-smothered fire.

Alice, the country maiden, with the sweet, loving face,
Sung these words to an old air, with an unstudied grace :

“ There’s nothing like an old tune, when friends are far apart,
To ’mind them of each other, and draw them heart to heart.
New strains across our senses on magic wings may fly,
But there’s nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high.

“ The scenes we have so oft recalled when once again we view,
Have lost the smile they used to wear, and seem to us untrue ;
We gaze upon their faded charms with disappointed eye ;
And there’s nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high.

“ We clasp the hands of former friends—we feel again their kiss—
But something that we loved in them, in sorrow now we miss ;
For women fade and men grow cold as years go hurrying by ;
And there’s nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high.

“ The forest where we used to roam, we find it swept away ;
The cottage where we lived and loved, it moulders to decay ;
And all that feeds our hungry hearts may wither, fade, and die ;
There’s nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high.”

“ That was well sung, my Alice,” the farmer proudly said,
When the last strain was finished and the last word had
fled ;

“ That is as true as Gospel ; and since you’ve sung so well,
I’ll give you a bit of a story you’ve never heard me tell.

“ When the cry o’ the axes first through these parts was
heard,

I was young and happy, and chipper as a bird ;
Fast as a flock o’ pigeons the days appeared to fly,
With no one ’round for a six mile except your mother an’ I.

Now we are rich, an' no one except the Lord to thank ;
Acres of land all 'round us, money in the bank ;
But happiness don't stick by me, an' sunshine ain't so true
As when I was five-an'-twenty, with twice enough to do.

“ As for the way your mother an' I made livin' go,
Just some time you ask her—of course she ought to know.
When she comes back in the morning from nursing Rogers'
wife,

She'll own she was happy in them days as ever in her life.
For I was sweet on your mother ;—why should not I be ?
She was the gal I had fought for—she was the world to
me ;

And since we'd no relations, it never did occur
To me that I was a cent less than all the world to her.

“ But it is often doubtful which way a tree may fall ;
When your are tol'ble certain, you are not sure at all.
When you are overconscious of travelin' right—that day
Look for a warnin' guide-post that points the other way.
For when you are feeling the safest, it very oft falls out
You rush head-formest into a big bull-thistle o' doubt.

“ Twas in the fall o' '50 that I set out, one day,
To hunt for deer an' turkey, or what come in my way ;
And wanderin' through the forest, my home I did not seek
Until I was gone from the cabin the better part of a week.

“ As Saturday's sun was creeping its western ladder down,
I stopped for a bit of supper at the house of Neighbor
Brown.

He was no less my neighbor that he lived ten miles away ;
For neighborhoods then was different from what they are
to-day.

“ Now Mrs. Brown was clever—a good, well meaning soul—
 And brought to time exactly things under her control.
 By very few misgoings were her perfections marred.
 She meant well, with one trouble—she meant it ’most too
 hard.

“ Now when I had passed the time o’ day, and laughed at
 Brown’s last jokes,
 Nat’rally I asked ’em if they had seen my folks.
 Whereat she shrugged her shoulders quite dangerously-
 wise,
 And looked as if a jury was sittin’ in her eyes ;
 And after a prudent silence I thought would never end,
 Asked if my wife had a brother, or cousin, or other friend ;
 For some one, passing my cabin, she’d heard, had lately
 found
 Rather a sleek an’ han’some young fellow hanging round ;
 Of course it was a brother, or somethin’ of that sort ?
 I told her ’twas a brother, and cut my supper short.

“ Which same was wrong, as viewed through a strictly moral
 eye ;
 But who, to shield his wife’s name, wouldn’t sometime tell
 a lie ?

’Twas nothing but a lie, girl, and for a lie ’twas meant :
 If brothers sold at a million, she couldn’t ha’ raised a cent.

“ Home I trudged in a hurry—who could that fellow be ?
 Home I trudged in a hurry, bound that I would see ;
 And when I reached my cabin I thought ’twas only fair
 To peep in at the window an’ find out what was there.

“ A nice, good-fashioned fellow as any in the land
Sat by my wife quite closely, a-holdin’ of her hand,
An’ whispering something into her willin’-listenin’ ear,
Which I should judge by her actions she rather liked to
hear.

“ Now seeing such singular doin’s before my very eyes,
The Devil he came upon me, and took me by surprise ;
He put his hand on my mouth, girl, and never a word I
said,
But raised the gun an’ aimed it straight at the stranger’s
head.

“ Lightly I touched the trigger ; I drew a good long breath—
My heart was full of Satan, my aim was full o’ death ;
But at that very instant they broke out, clear an’ strong,
A-singing, both together, a good old fashioned song.

“ That simple little song, girl, still in my ears does ring ;
’Twas one I had coaxed your mother while courting her to
sing ;
Never a word I remember how any verses goes,
But this is a little ditty that ever body knows :
How though about a palace you might forever hang,
You’ll never feel so happy as in your own shebang.

“ It woke the recollections of happy days an’ years—
I slowly dropped my rifle, an’ melted into tears.

* * * * *

“ It was a neighbor’s daughter, made on the tomboy plan,
Who, keeping my wife company, had dressed like a spruce
young man.

An’ full of new born praises to Him where they belong,
I thanked the Lord for makin’ the man who made that good
old song.”



PAUL'S RUN OFF WITH THE SHOW.

Jane, 'tis so— it is so !
How *can* I—his mother—bear it ?
Paul's run off with the show !

Put all his things in the garret—
All o' his working gear ;
He's never a-going to wear it,
Never again coming here.
If he gets sick, deaf, or blind,
If he falls and breaks his leg,
He can borrow an organ an' grind,
He can hobble about and beg.
Let him run—good luck behind him !
I wonder which way they went ?
I suppose I might follow an' find him.—
But no ! let him keep to his bent !
I'm never a-going to go
For a boy that runs off with the show !

Lay his books up in the chamber ;
He never will want them now ;
Never *did* want them much.
He al'ays could run and clamber,
Make somersets on the mow,

Hand-springs, cart-wheels, an' such,
 And other profitless turning ;
 But when it came to learning,
 He would always shirk somehow.

I was trimming him out for a preacher,
 When he got over being wild
 (He was always a sturdy creature—
 A sinfully thrifty child) ;
 A Cartwright preacher, perhaps,
 As could eat strong boiled dinners,
 Talk straight to saucy chaps,
 And knock down fightin' sinners.
 I told him of all Heaven's mercies,
 Raked his sins o'er and o'er,
 Made him learn Scripture verses,
 Half a thousand or more ;
 I sung the hymn-book through him,
 I whipped the Bible into him,
 In grace to make him grow :
 What did such training call for ?
 What did I name him Paul for ?—
 To have him run off with a show ?

All o' the wicked things
 That are found in circus rings,
 I taught him to abhor 'em ;
 But he always was crazy for 'em.
 I know what such follies be ;
 For once in my life—woe's me—
 Let's see—
 'Twas the fall before Paul was born—
 I myself was crazy for shows.

How it happened, Goodness knows ;
But how'er it did befall—
Whate'er may ha' been the reason—
For once I went to all
The circuses of the season.
I watched 'em, high an' low,
Painfully try to be jolly ;
I laughed at the tricks o' the clown :
I went and saw their folly,
In order to preach it down :
Little enough did I know
That Paul would run off with a show !

What'll they do with the boy?
They'll stand him upon a horse,
To his exceeding joy,
To teach him to ride, of course.
Sakes ! he can do that now !
He can whip old Jim to a jump,
And ride upon him standing,
And never get a thump—
Never a bit of harm.
He has trained all the beasts on the farm,
From the ducks to the brindle cow,
To follow his commanding.
Sakes ! that it should be so !
Him's I brought up i' the bosom
Of church, and all things good :
All my pains—I shall lose 'em—
Might have known that I would.
I had hopes beyond my countin',

I had faith as big as a mountain ;
 But somehow I knew all the while
 He'd turn out in some such style—
 Always had that fear.

Well, he's never comin' back here,
 If he comes to any harm,
 If he falls an' sprains his arm,
 If he slips and breaks his leg,
 He can hobble about an' beg.
 He can— Who is that boy out there, Jane,
 Skulkin' 'long by the railroad track,
 Head an' feet all bare, Jane,
 One eye dressed in black ?

My boy! Come in! come in!
 Come in! come in! come in!
 Come in—you sha'n't be hurt.
 Come in—you shall rest—you shall rest.
 Why, you're all over blood and dirt!
 Did they hurt you?—well, well, it's too bad.
 So you thought the old home the best?
 You won't run off ag'in?
 Well, come in, come in, poor lad;
 Come in—come in—come in!

THE KEY TO THOMAS' HEART.

Ride with me, Uncle Nathan? * *

I don't care an' I do.

My poor old heart's in a hurry ; I'm anxious to get through .
My soul outwalks my body ; my legs are far from strong ;
An' it's mighty kind o' you, doctor, to help the old man
along.

I'm some'at full o' hustle ; there's business to be done.
I've just been out to the village to see my youngest son.
You used to know him, doctor, ere he his age did get,
An' if I ain't mistaken, you sometimes see him yet.

We took him through his boyhood, with never a ground for
fears ;
But somehow he stumbled over his early manhood's years.
The landmarks that we showed him, he seems to wander
from,
Though in his heart there was never a better boy than
Tom.

He was quick o' mind an' body in all he done an' said ;
But all the gold he reached for, it seemed to turn to lead.
The devil of grog it caught him, and held him, though the
while
He has never grudged his parents a pleasant word an' smile.

The devil of grog it caught him, an' then he turned an'
 said,
 By that which fed from off him, he henceforth would be fed ;
 An' that which lived upon him, should give him a living
 o'er ;
 An' so he keeps that groggery that's next to Wilson's store;

But howsoe'er he's wandered, I've al'ays so far heard
 That he had a sense of honor an' never broke his word ;
 An' his mother, from the good Lord, she says, has under-
 stood
 That, if he agrees to be sober, he'll keep the promise good.

An' so when just this mornin' these poor old eyes o' mine
 Saw all the women round him, a coaxin' him to sign,
 An' when the Widow Adams let fly a homespun prayer,
 An' he looked kind o' wild like, an' started unaware,

An' then glanced at her an instant, an' then at his kegs o'
 rum,
 I somehow knew in a minute, the turnin'-point had come ;
 An' he would be as good a man as ever yet there's been,
 Or else let go forever, an' sink in the sea of sin.

An' I knew, whatever efforts might carry him or fail,
 There was only one could help God to turn the waverin'
 scale ;
 An' I sculked away in a hurry—I was bound to do my
 part—
 To get the mother, who carries the key to Thomas' heart.



“THE MOTHER, WHO CARRIES THE KEY TO THOMAS'S HEART.”

She's gettin' old an' feeble, an' childish in her talk ;
An' we've no horse an' buggy, an' she will have to walk ;
But she would be fast to come, sir, the gracious chance to
 seize,
If she had to crawl to 'Thomas upon her hands an' knees.

* * * * * *

Crawl?—walk? No, not if I know it! So set your mind
 at rest.

Why, hang it! I'm Tom's customer, and said to be his
 best!

But if this blooded horse here will show his usual power,
Poor Tom shall see his mother in less than half an hour.



THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I.

Good folks ever will have their way—
 Good folks ever for it must pay.

But we who are here and everywhere,
 The burden of their faults must bear.

We must shoulder others' shame—
 Fight their follies, and take their blame ;

Purge the body, and humor the mind ;
 Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind ;

Build the columns of health erect
 On the quicksands of neglect :

Always shouldering others' shame—
 Bearing their faults and taking the blame !

II.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me ;
 " Wife is agoin' to die," said he.

" Doctors great, an' doctors small,
 Haven't improved her any at all.

“I THREW THEM AS FAR AS I COULD THROW.”





“ Physic and blisters, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills !

“ Twenty women, with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through.

“ Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all.

“ Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.

“ So she pleases whoe'er may call,
An' Death is suited the best of all.

“ Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill !”

III.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up ,

Physics of high and low degree ;
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea ;

Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

IV

I opened the blinds ; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

I opened the window ; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, sirups, and squills ;

Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.

“What are you doing ?” my patient cried ;
“Frightening Death,” I cooly replied.

“You are crazy !” a visitor said :
I flung a bottle at his head.

V.

Deacon Rogers he came to me ;
“Wife is a-gettin’ her health,” said he.

“I really think she will worry through ;
She scolds me just as she used to do.

“All the people have poohed an’ slurred—
All the neighbors have had their word ;

“‘Twere better to perish, some of ’em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way.”

VI.

“Your wife,” said I, “had God’s good care,
And His remedies, light and water and air.

“All of the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn’t have cured Mrs. Rogers without.”

VII.

The deacon smiled and bowed his head ;
“Then your bill is nothing,” he said.

“God’s be the glory, as you say !
God bless you, doctor ! good-day ! good-day !”

VIII.

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I’ll give her medicine made by men.



THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

“Tha’rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn’t ha’ come just when tha’ did :
Teimes are bad,”

English Ballad.

Hoot! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way,
Crowdin’ yerself amongst us this blusterin’ winter’s day,
Knowin’ that we already have three of ye, an’ seven,
An’ tryin’ to make yerself out a Christmas present o’ Heaven?





“AN’ BUT FOR THE PREACHER’S WOMAN, WHO OFTEN HELPS US THROUGH.”

Ten of ye have we now, Sir, for this world to abuse ;
An' Bobbie he have no waiscoat, an' Nellie she have no
shoes,
An' Sammie he have no shirt, Sir (I tell it to his shame),
An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to
name !

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folk fall ;
An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at
all ;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woeful plight,
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at
night ;

An' but for your father an' Sandy a findin' somewhat to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us
through,
An' but for your poor dear mother a-doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a seen us all in heaven afore *ye* was ready to start !

An' now *ye* have come, ye rascal ! so healthy an' fat an'
sound,
A-weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound !
With yer mother's eyes a flashin', yer father's flesh an' build,
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready to be filled !

No, no ! don't cry, my baby ! hush up, my pretty one !
Don't get any chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in fun,
Ye'll like us when you know us, although we'er cur'us folks ;
But we don't get much victual, an' half our livin' is jokes !

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest ? come, sit upon my
knee ;

I'll tell ye a secret, youngster, I'll name ye after me.
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play,
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day !

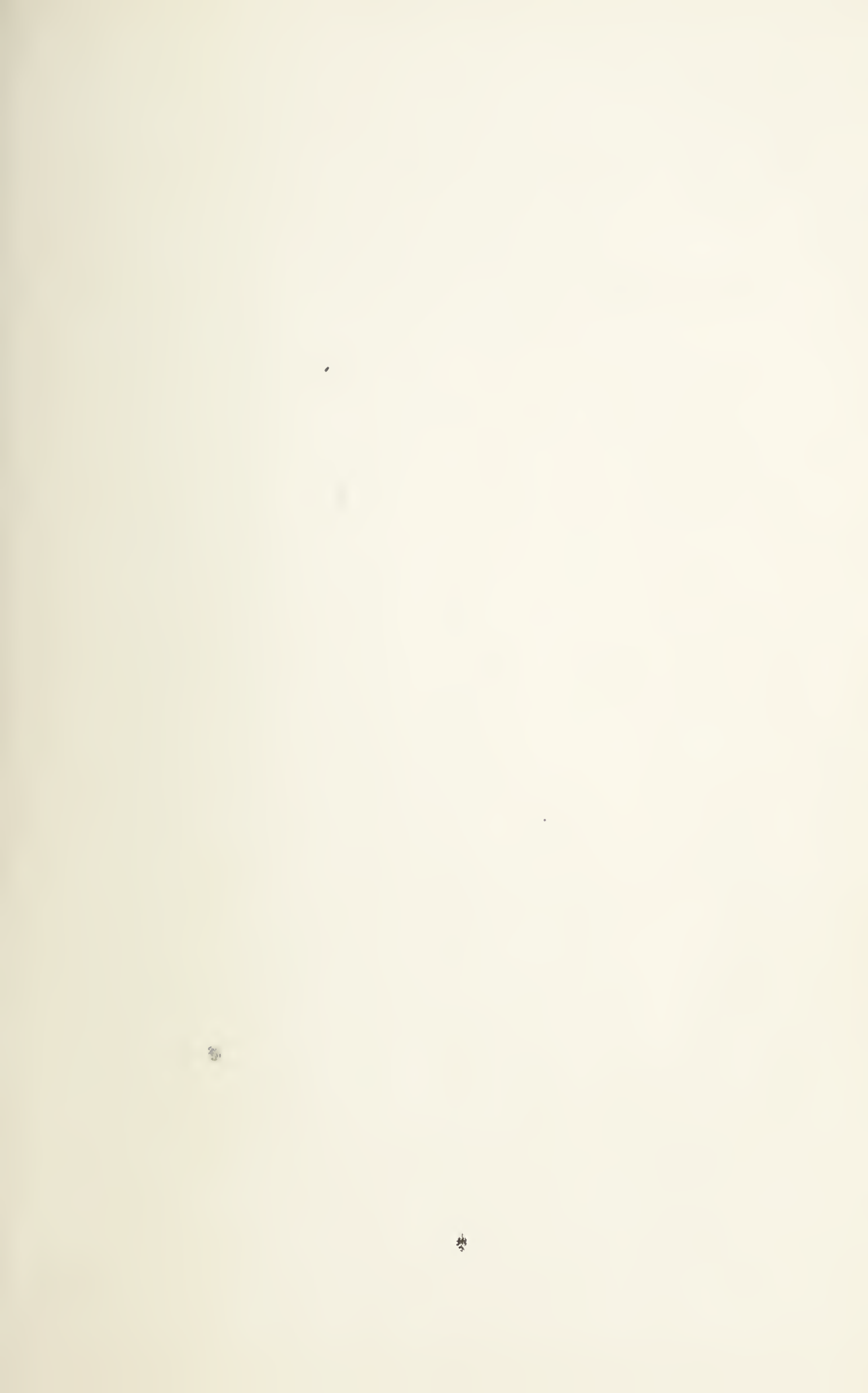
Why, boy, do you think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old.
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still, them's yer
brothers, there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! when ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one
here?

That was yer little sister—she died a year ago,
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the
snow.

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, Sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God!

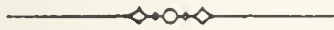






OTHER POEMS.

OTHER POEMS.



COVER THEM OVER.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers ;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours ;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away :
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave ;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past ;
Give them the honors their merits forecast ;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife ;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover :
Crown in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky :
Faces once lit with the smiles of the gay—
Faces now marred by the frown of decay.

Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own ;
 Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known ;
 Brows you have soothed in the day of distress ;
 Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress.
 Faces that brightened at War's stirring cry ;
 Faces that streamed when they bade you good-by ;
 Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
 Paling for naught, till the Death Angel came.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover :
 Kiss in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hands that are resting, half-tried,
 Crossed on the bosom, or low by the side :
 Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown ;
 Hands that you, father, close hid in your own ;
 Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
 Hung for protection and counsel and aid ;
 Hands that you, brother for faithfulness knew ;
 Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu.
 Bravely the cross of their country they bore ;
 Grandly they grasped for a garland of light,
 Catching the mantle of death-darkened night:
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover :
 Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the feet that, all weary and torn,
 Hither by comrades were tenderly borne :
 Feet that have trodden, through love-lighted ways,
 Near to your own, in the old happy days ;

Feet that have pressed, in Life's opening morn,
Roses of pleasure, and Death's poisoned thorn.
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right.
Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight.
Ne'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp
Summon them forth from their death-guarded camp ;
Ne'er, till Eternity's bugle shall sound,
Will they come out from their couch in the ground.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover :
Rough were the paths of those heroes of ours—
Now cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were born but to die ;
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray,
Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away ;
Hearts that beat high in the charge's loud tramp,
Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp.
Once they were swelling with courage and will,
Now they are lying all pulseless and still ;
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now the great souls have gone soaring above.
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover ;
Press to your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

One there is, sleeping in yonder low tomb,
Worthy the brightest of flow'rets that bloom.

Weakness of womanhood's life was her part ;
 Tenderly strong was her generous heart.
 Bravely she stood by the sufferer's side,
 Checking the pain and the life-bearing tide ;
 Fighting the swift-sweeping phantom of Death,
 Easing the dying man's fluttering breath ;
 Then, when the strife that had nerved her was o'er,
 Calmly she went to where wars are no more.
 Voices have blessed her now silent and dumb ;
 Voices will bless her in long years to come.
 Cover her over—yes, cover her over—
 Blessings, like angels, around her shall hover ;
 Cherish the name of that sister of ours,
 And cover her over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
 Sleep where their friends can not find them to-day ;
 They who in mountain and hill-side and dell
 Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
 Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose ;
 Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows ;
 Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
 Whispering names for the patriot dead.
 So in our minds we will name them once more,
 So in our hearts we will cover them o'er ;
 Roses and lilies and violets blue
 Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover :
 Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

When the long years have crept slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of Earth's funeral day ;
When, at the Archangel's trumpet and tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead ;
When the great world its last judgment awaits ;
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the Great Captain, for final review ;
Then for the blood that has flown for the right,
Crowns shall be given, untarnished and bright ;
Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son
Proudly shall hear the good judgment, "Well done."
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother and lover :
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.



RIFTS IN THE CLOUD.

[GRADUATING POEM, JUNE 17, 1869.]

Life is a cloud—e'en take it as you may ;
 Illumine it with Pleasure's transient ray ;
 Brighten its edge with Virtue ; let each fold
 E'en by the touch of God be flecked with gold,
 While angel-wings may kindly hover near,
 And angel-voices murmur words of cheer,
 Still, life's a cloud, forever hanging nigh,
 Forever o'er our winding pathways spread,
 Ready to blacken on some saddened eye,
 And hurl its bolts on some defenseless head.

Yes, there are lives that seem to know no ill ;
 Paths that seem straight, with naught of thorn or hill.
 The bright and glorious sun, each welcome day,
 Flashes upon the flowers that deck their way,
 And the soft zephyr sings a lullaby,
 'Mid rustling trees, to please the ear and eye ;
 And all the darling child of fortune needs,
 And all his dull, half-slumbering caution heeds,
 While fairy eyes their watch above him keep,
 Is breath to live and weariness to sleep.

But life's a cloud ! and soon the smiling sky
 May wear the unwelcome semblance of a frown,
And the fierce tempest, madly rushing by,
 May raise its dripping wings, and strike him down

When helpless infancy, for love or rest,
Lies nestling to a mother's yearning breast,
While she, enamored of its ways and wiles
As mothers only are, looks down and smiles,
And spies a thousand unsuspected charms
In the sweet babe she presses in her arms,
While he, the love-light kindled in his eyes,
Sends to her own, electrical replies,
A ray of sunshine comes for each caress,
From out the clear blue sky of happiness.
But life's a cloud ! and soon the smiling face
 The frowns and tears of childish grief may know,
And the love-language of the heart give place
 To the wild clamor of a baby's woe.

The days of youth are joyful in their way ;
Bare feet tread lightly, and their steps are gay.
Parental kindness grades the early path,
And shields it from the storm-king's dreaded wrath.
But there are thorns that prick the infant flesh,
And bid the youthful eyes to flow afresh,
Thorns that maturer nerves would never feel,
With wounds that bleed not less, that soon they heal.
When we look back upon our childhood days,
Look down the long and sweetly verdant ways
Wherein we gayly passed the shining hours,

We see the beauty of its blooming flowers,
We breathe its fresh and fragrant air once more,
And, counting all its many pleasures o'er,
And giving them their natural place of chief,
Forget our disappointments and our grief.
Sorrows that now were light, then weighed us down,
And claimed our tears for every sully frown.
For life's a cloud, e'en take it as we will,
 The changing wind ne'er banishes or lifts ;
The pangs of grief but make it darker still,
 And happiness is nothing but its rifts.

There is a joy in sturdy manhood still ;
Bravery is joy ; and he who says, I WILL,
And turns, with swelling heart, and dares the fates,
While firm resolve upon his purpose waits,
Is happier for the deed ; and he whose share
Is honest toil, pits that against dull care.
And yet, in spite of labor, faith, or prayer,
 Dark clouds and fearful o'er our paths are driven ;
They take the shape of monsters in the air,
 And almost shut our eager gaze from heaven !

Disease is there, with slimy, loathsome touch,
With hollow, blood-shot eyes and eager clutch,
Longing to strike us down with pangs of pain,
And bind us there, with weakness' galling chain.
Ruin us there, with cunning ambush laid,
Waiting some panic in the ranks of trade,
Some profitless endeavor, or some trust
By recreant knave abused, to snatch the crust
From out the mouths of them we love the best,
And bring gaunt hunger, an unwelcome guest.

Disgrace is there, of honest look bereft,
Truth in his right hand, falsehood in his left,
Pride in his mouth, the devil in his eye,
His garment truth, his cold black heart a lie,
Forging the bolts to blast some honored name ;
 Longing to see some victim wronged or wrong ;
To see him step into the pool of shame,
 Or soiled by loved ones that to him belong.

A dark cloud hovers over every zone—
The cloud of ignorance. The great unknown,
Defying comprehension, still hangs low
Above our feeble minds. When we who now
Have stumbled 'neath the ever-varying load
That marks the weary student's royal road,
Have hurried over verbs in headlong haste,
And various thorny paths of language traced ;
Have run our muddled heads, with rueful sigh,
'Gainst figures truthful, that yet seemed to lie ;
Have peeped into the Sciences, and learned
How much we do not know ; have bravely turned
Our guns of eloquence on forest trees,
And preached grave doctrines to the wayward breeze ;
When we have done all this, the foggy cloud,
With scarce a rift, is still above us bowed ;
And we are children, on some garden's verge,
 Groping for flowers the opposing wall beneath,
Who, flushed and breathless, may at last emerge,
 With a few scanty blossoms for a wreath.

But never was a cloud so thick and black,
But it might sometime break, and on its track
The glorious sun come streaming. Never, too,

So but its threads might bleach to lighter hue,
 Was sorrow's mantle of so deep a dye.
 And he who, peering at the troubled sky,
 Looks past the clouds, or looks the cloud-rifts through,
 Or, finding none, remembers their great worth,
 And strikes them for himself, is that man who
 Shows the completest wisdom of this earth.

When one stands forth in Reason's glorious light,
 Stands in his own proud consciousness of right,
 Laments his faults, his virtues does not boast,
 Studies all creatures—and himself the most—
 Knowing the way wherewith his faults to meet,
 Or, vanquished by them, owning his defeat,
 He pays the penalty as should a man,
 And pitches battle with the foe again ;
 When, giving all their proper due and heed,
 He yet has power, when such shall be the need,
 To go his way, unshackled, true, and free,
 And bid the world go hanged, if needs must be,
 He strikes a rift for his unfearing eye
 Through the black cloud of low servility :
 A cloud that's decked the Orient all these years ;
 'Neath whose low-bending folds, 'mid groans and tears,
 Priestcraft has heaped its huge, ill-gotten gains,
 And tyrants forged their bloody, clanking chains ;
 A cloud, that when the *Mayflower's* precious cup
 The misty, treacherous deep held proudly up,
 By waves that leaped and dashed each other o'er,
 But onward still the ark of Freedom bore.
 Some fair and peaceful Ararat to find,
 Plumed its black wings, and swept not far behind.

To-day it lowers o'er this great, free land—
O'er farms and workshops, offices and spires—
Its baleful shadows cast on every hand,
And darkens Church and State and household fires.

It is a thing to pity and to blame,
A useless, vile, humiliating shame,
A silent slander on the Heaven-born soul,
Decked with the signet of its own control,
A flaw upon the image of our God,
When men, obedient to some Mogul's nod—
When men, the sockets of those addled brains
Are blessed with some illuminate remains
Wherefrom the glim of reason still is shed,
Blow out the light, and send their wits to bed ;
And, taking as their sole dictator, then,
Some little, thundering god of speech or pen,
Aping submissively the smile or frown
Of some great brazen face that beats them down,
Or silenced by some lubricated tongue,
Covered with borrowed words and neatly hung—
They yield their judgments up to others' wills,
And take grave creeds like sugar-coated pills ;
And, with their weakness tacitly confessed,
Like the unfeathered fledgelings of a nest,
When the old bird comes home with worms and flies—
With half a smile and half a knowing frown,
They open wide their mouth, and shut their eyes,
And seem to murmur softly, "*Drop it down.*"

He who will creep about some great man's feet,
The honeyed fragrance of his breath to meet,
Or follow him about, with crafty plan,

And cringe for smiles and favors, is no man.
 A fraction of a man, and all his own,
 Although his numerator be but one,
 With unity divided up so fine
 That thousands range themselves beneath the line—
 Ay, one so insignificantly small
 That quick accountants count him not at all—
 Is better far, and vastly nobler, too,
 Than some great swelling cipher among men,
 Naught of itself, and nothing else to do
 Except to help some little one count ten !

Let us e'en strike, with courage true endowed,
 Straight at the centre of this murky cloud,
 And sweep its worthless vapor from the earth.
 Take sense for coin ; opinions at their worth ;
 Conviction at its cost ; dictation, when
 Our minds and souls are bankrupt—hardly then !
 When Freedom's sons and daughters will do this,
 Our land will know a day of happiness,
 Fit for such joy as never yet was seen,
 E'en when Emancipation tried her keen
 Bright blade upon the galling chains of steel,
 And stamped the action with the nation's seal.
 E'en when the cable its initial spark
 Brought flashing through the ocean's deep and dark ;
 E'en when was fixed, with far-resounding strokes,
 With song, and praise, and thankfulness, and mirth,
 The golden fastening of the chain that yokes
 The two great restless oceans of the earth !

But over all, and round about us spread,
Hangs the black cloud of Death : a thunder-head,
Yet ominously silent ; moving on,
 While from its threatening folds, so deep and dark,
The forked lightning, ever and anon,
 Shoots for some life, and never fails its mark.

There was one classmate is not here to-day ;
Many an oak is blasted on its way,
Many a growing hope is overthrown.
What might have been, his early growth had shown ;
What was, our love and tears for him may tell ;
He lived, he toiled, he faded, and he fell.
When our friend lay within that narrow room
Men call a coffin—in its cheerless gloom
Himself the only tenant, and asleep
In a long slumber, terrible and deep ;
When at the open door his pale, sad face
Appeared to us, without a look or trace
Of recognition in its ghastly hue,
Soon to be hid forever from our view ;
When, with his sightless eyes to heaven upturned,
Wherefrom his royal soul upon them burned,
He waited for his last rites to be said,
With the pathetic patience of the dead ;
When tenderly his manly form we lay
In its last couch, with covering of clay ;
Who in that mournful duty had a part,
But felt the cloud of Death upon his heart ?
But when we thought how his unfettered soul,
Free from his poor sick body's weak control,

Pluming its wings at the Eternal throne,
Might take through realms of space its rapid flight,
And find a million joys to us unknown,
The cloud was rifted by a ray of light.

Old class of '69 ! together, still,
We've journeyed up the rough and toilsome hill ;
Seeking the gems to labor ne'er denied,
Plucking the fruits that deck the mountain-side.
Now, in the glory of this summer day,
We part, and each one goes his different way.
Let each, with hope to fire his yearning soul,
Still hurry onward to the shining goal.
The way at times may dark and weary seem,
No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,
The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,
And gloom and sadness seem to compass all ;
But still, with honest purpose, toil we on ;
And if our steps be upright, straight, and true,
Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,
And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

SOME TIME.

O STRONG and terrible Ocean,
O grand and glorious Ocean,

O restless, stormy Ocean, a million fathoms o'er !
When never an eye was near thee to view thy turbulent glory,
When never an ear to hear thee relate thy endless story,
What didst thou then, O Ocean? Didst toss thy foam in
air,

With never a bark to fear thee, and never a soul to dare ?

“ Oh, I was the self-same Ocean,
The same majestic Ocean,

The strong and terrible Ocean, with rock-embattled
shore ;

I threw my fleecy blanket up over my shouders bare,
I raised my head in triumph, and tossed my grizzled hair ;

For I knew that some time—some time—

White-robed ships would venture from out of the placid bay,
Forth to my heaving bosom, my lawful pride or prey ;

I knew that some time—some time—

Lordly men and maidens my servile guests would be,
And hearts of sternest courage would falter and bend to me.”

O deep and solemn Forest,
O sadly whispering Forest,

O lonely moaning Forest, that murmureth evermore !

When never a footstep wandered across thy sheltered
meadows,
When never a wild bird squandered his music 'mid thy
shadows,
What didst thou then, O Forest? Didst robe thyself in
green,
And pride thyself in beauty the while to be unseen?

“Oh, I was the self-same Forest,
The same low-whispering Forest,
The softly-murmuring Forest, and all of my beauties
wore.

I dressed myself in splendor all through the lonely hours ;
I twined the vines around me, and covered my lap with
flowers ;

For I knew that some time—some time—
Birds of beautiful plumage would flit and nestle here ;
Songs of marvelous sweetness would charm my listening ear ;
I knew that some time—some time—
Lovers would gayly wander 'neath my protecting boughs,
And into the ears of my silence would whisper holy vows.”

O fair and beautiful Maiden,
O pure and winsome Maiden,
O grand and peerless Maiden, created to adore !
When no love came to woo thee that won thy own love;
treasure,
When never a heart came to thee thy own heart-wealth
could measure,
What didst thou then, O Maiden? Didst smile as thou
smilest now,

With n'er the kiss of a lover upon thy snow-white brow ?
“Oh, I was the self-same Maiden,
The simple and trusting Maiden,

The happy and careless Maiden, with all of my love
in store.

I gayly twined my tresses, and cheerfully went my way ;
I took no thought for the morrow, and cared for the cares
of the day ;

For I knew that some time—some time—
Into the path of my being the Love of my life would glide,
And we by the gates of heaven would wander side by side.”

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS.

[REUNION OF ALPHIA KAPPA PHI SOCIETY, JUNE 16, 1875,]

WOULD I might utter all my heart can feel !
 But there are thoughts weak words will not reveal.
 The rarest fruitage is the last to fall ;
 The strongest language hath no words at all.

When first the uncouth student comes in sight—
 A sturdy plant, just struggling toward the light—
 Arriving at his future classic home,
 He gazes at the high-perched college dome,
 Striving, through eyes with a vague yearning dim,
 To spy some future glory there for him,
 A child in thought, a man in strong desire,
 A clod of clay, vexed by a restless fire.

When, with hard hands, and uncongenial locks,
 And clothes as speckled as young Jacob's flocks,
 Homesick and heart-sick, tired and desolate,
 He leans himself 'gainst Learning's iron gate,
 While all the future frowns upon his track,
 And all the past conspires to pull him back ;
 When, with tired resolution in his looks,
 He bends above the cabalistic books,
 And strives, with knitted forehead throbbing hot,

To learn what older students have forgot ;
And wonders how the Romans and the Greeks
Could cry aloud and spare their jaws and cheeks ;
And wants the Algebraic author put
On an equation, tied there, head and foot.
Which then, with all Reduction's boasted strength,
May be expanded to prodigious length ;
When he reflects, with rueful, pain-worn phiz,
What a sad, melancholy dog he is,
And how much less unhappy and forlorn
Are all those students who are not yet born ;
When Inexperience like a worm is twined
Around the clumsy fingers of his mind,
And Discipline, a stranger yet unknown,
Struts grandly by and leaves him all alone ;
What cheers him better than to feel and see
Some other one as badly off as he ?
Or the sincere advice and kindly aid
Of those well-worked in Study's curious trade ?
What help such solace and improvement lends
As the hand-grasp of Brothers and of Friends ?

When, with a wildly ominous halloo,
The frisky Freshman shuffles into view,
And shouts aloud the war-cry of his clan,
And makes friends with the devil like a man ;
When, looking upward at the other classes,
He dubs them as three tandem-teams of asses,
And, scarcely knowing what he does it for,
Vows against them unmitigated war,
And aims to show them that though they may tread
In stately, grand procession o'er his head,

The animated pathway that they scorn,
May sometimes bristle with a hidden thorn ;
When, with a vigilance that to nothing yields,
He scans the fruitage of the neighboring fields,
And in the solemn night-time doth entwine
Affection's fingers round the melon-vine ;
When the tired wagon from its sheltering shed
To strange, uncouth localities is led,
And, with the night for a dissecting-room,
Is analyzed amid the friendly gloom ;
When the hushed rooster, cheated of his cry,
From his spoiled perch bids this vain world good-bye ;
When, in the chapel, an unwilling guest,
And living sacrifice, a cow doth rest ;
When from the tower, the bell's notes, peeling down,
Rouse up the fireman from the sleeping town,
Who, rushing to the scene, with duty fired,
Finds his well-meant assistance unrequired,
And, creeping homeward, steadily doth play
Upon the third commandment all the way ;
When are played off, with mirth-directed aims,
At the staid Alma Mater, various games,
As feline juveniles themselves regale
In the lithe folds of the maternal tail,
And when these antics have gone far enough,
Comes from her paw a well-considered cuff,
What more to soothe the chastened spirit tends
Than sympathy from Brothers and from Friends ?

When the deep Sophomore has well begun
The study of his merits, one by one,
And found that he, a bright scholastic blade,

Is fearfully and wonderfully made ;
Discovers how much greater is his share
Of genius than he was at first aware ;
When, with a ken beyond his tender age,
He sweeps o'er History's closely printed page,
Conjecturing how this world so long endured,
With his co-operation unsecured ;
When, with his geometrical survey
Trigonometrically brought in play,
He scans two points, with firm, unmoved design
To join them sooner than by one straight line ;
When he, with oratoric hand astir,
Rolls back the tide of ages—as it were ;
When Cicero he decides for reading fit,
And tolerates happy Horace for his wit ;
When he across Zoology takes sight,
To see what creatures were created right,
And looks the plants that heaven has fashioned through,
To see if they were rightly finished, too ;
When he his aid to any cause can lend,
In readiness, on short notice, to ascend
From any well-known point, secure and soon,
In his small oratorical balloon,
Expecting when his high trip's end appears,
Descent upon a parachute of cheers ;
When he decides, beneath a load of care,
* What whiskered monogram his face shall wear ;
When, from his mind's high shoulders cropping out,
Linguistic feathers constantly do sprout,
Which, ere they reach the cool outsider's scoff,
Require a quiet, friendly picking-off ;

What better to this operation lends
Than the critiques of Brothers and of Friends?

When the spruce Junior, not disposed to shirk,
Begins to get down fairly to his work,
Strives to run foremost in the college race,
Or at least fill a creditable place ;
When he bears, o'er the rough and hard highway,
The heat and burden of the college day,
And hastes—his mental lungs all out of breath—
As if it were a race of life and death ;
When with some little doubt his brain is fraught,
That he's not quite so brilliant as he thought,
And he would strengthen his lame talent still,
By wrapping 'round the bandage of his will ;
When, undergoing the reaction drear
That follows up the Sophomoric year,
He finds each task much harder than before,
And tarries long at every phrase's door,
And pauses o'er his dull oration's page,
Then tears it into pieces in a rage ;
When, had he fifty ink-stands, he could throw
Each at some devil fraught with fancied woe ;
And when, perchance, atop of all this gloom,
In his heart's world there's yet sufficient room
For Cupid to come blundering through the dark,
And make his sensibilities a mark,
And, viewing each the other from afar,
Learning and Love frown miserably, and spar ;
What for his trouble-phantoms makes amends
Like the support of Brothers and of Friends ?

When, with a strengthened soul and chastened brain,
The Senior who has labored not in vain
Looks back upon the four eventful years
Most fruitful that in his past life appears,
When he stands, somewhat shadowed by remorse,
In the bright Indian Summer of the course,
And muses, had each opportunity
Been seized, how smooth his present path might be ;
When, having blundered through each college hall,
Bumping his head 'gainst Inexperience' wall,
There burst upon him through the window-panes,
Broad Knowledge' deep ravines and fertile plains ;
When, standing at the door, with gaze of doubt,
He draws on his world-wrappings, and looks out
Into the chillness of the winter's day,
And almost wishes that he still might stay,
What nearer to his beating heart extends
Than parting with his Brothers and his Friends ?

When he at last has bid the school good-by,
And finds that many matters go awry ;
Finds much amid Earth's uncongenial fog,
Not mentioned in the college catalogue ;
Finds that The World, in writing his name down,
Forgets, somehow, to add the letters on
Which serve to make his fellow-mortals see
How little rests behind a big degree ;
Finds, also, that it is inclined to speak
Elsewise than in the Latin or the Greek ;
Finds that the sharp blade of his brightened mind
Gets dulled upon the pachydermal kind ;
That The World by Declension understands
The sliding-down of houses, stocks, and lands ;

And that Translation means, in This world's bother,
 Translation from one pocket to another ;
 Mistrusts that if The World has, as is sung,
 A tail by which, perchance, it may be slung,
 The blessed place so many hands infold,
 He can not find whereon he may take hold ;
 Finds that he best makes ground o'er this world's road,
 As he his college nonsense doth unload ;
 What sweeter sound with Life's alarum blends
 Than the kind voice of Brothers and of Friends ?

* * * * *

And so, to-day, we live our old lives o'er—
 The Freshman gay, the smiling Sophomore,
 The anxious Junior, and the Senior proud,
 The care-immersed Alumnus, sober-browed ;
 To shake once more the quick-responding hand,
 To trade in jokes no others understand ;
 Our fish-lines in Memory's ponds to throw
 For stories which were left there long ago
 (Which, like most fishy ventures, as is known,
 Trough many changing years have bred and grown) ;
 To beat the big drum of our vanity,
 To clash the cymbals of our boisterous glee ;
 To bind again the old-time friendships fast,
 To fight once more the battles of the past.

Beneath the blue of the clear sunlit sky,
 Beneath the storm-cloud, rudely lingering nigh,
 From night to night—from changing day to day—
 The Alpha Kappa Phi has won its way.
 And as the lichen plant, when tempest-torn,
 And roughly from its native hill-side borne,

Sucks moisture from the whirlwind's shivering form
And grows, while yet hurled onward by the storm,
And when at last its voyage well is o'er,
Thrives sweeter, purer, stronger than before,
The Alpha Kappa Phi has ever grown
Stronger for all the struggles it has known ;
And, 'mid the smiles and frowns that heaven out-sends,
Our hearts still beat as Brothers and as Friends,

GONE BEFORE.

I.

Pull up the window-lattice, Jane, and raise me in my bed,
And trim my beard, and brush my hair, and from this
covering free me,
And brace me back against the wall, and raise my aching
head,
And make me trim, for one I love is coming here to see
me ;
Or if she do not see me, Jane, 'twill be that her dear eyes
Are shut as ne'er they shut before, in all of their reposing ;
For never yet my lowest word has failed of kind replies,
And ever still my lightest touch has burst her eyelids'
closing ;

So let her come to me.

They say she's coming in her sleep—a sleep they can not
break ;
Ay, let them call, and let them weep, in dull and droning
fashion !
Her ear may hear their doleful tones an age and never
wake ;
But let me pour into its depth my words of burning
passion !

Ay, let my hot and yearning lips, that long have yearned in
vain,

But press her pure and sacred cheek, and wander in her
tresses ;

And let my tears no more be lost, but on her forehead
rain,

And she will rise and pity me, and soothe me with
caresses ;

So let her come to me.

O silver-crested day ago, that wove us in one heart !

O golden future years, that urged our hands to clasp in
striving !

There is not that in earth or sky can hold us two apart ;

And I of her, and she of me, not long may know depriv-
ing !

So bring her here, where I have long in absence pining
lain,

While on my fevered weakness crashed the castles of our
building ;

And once together, all the woe and weary throbs of pain

That strove to cloud our happiness shall be its present
gilding ;

So let her come to me.

II.

They brought her me—they brought her me—they bore her
to my bed ;

And first I marked her coffin's form, and saw its jewels
glisten.

I talked to her, I wept to her, but she was cold and dead ;

I prayed to her, and then I knew she was not here to
listen.

For death had wooed and won my love, and carried her
away.

How could she know my trusting heart, and then so sadly
grieve me !

Her hand was his, her cheek was his, her lips of ashen gray ;
Her heart was never yet for him, however she might leave
me ;

Her heart was e'er for me.

O waves that well had sunk my life, sweep back to me
again !

I will not fight your coming now, or flee from your pur-
suing !

But bear me, beat me, dash me to the land of Death, and
then

I'll find the love Death stole from me, and scorn him with
my wooing !

Oh, I will light his gloomy orbs with jealous, mad surprise ;
Oh, I will crush his pride, e'en with the lack of my
endeavor ;

The while I boldy bear away, from underneath his eyes,
The soul that God had made for me—to lose no more for-
ever ;

Ay, she will go with me.

Pull down the window-lattice, Jane, and turn me in my bed,
And not until the set of sun be anxious for my waking ;
And ere that hour a robe of light above me shall be spread,
And darkness here shall show me there the morn that
now is breaking.

And in one grave let us be laid—my truant love and me—
And side by side shall rest the hearts that once were one
in beating ;

And soon together and for aye our wedded souls shall be,
And never cloud shall dim again the brightness of our
meeting,

Where now she waits for me.



THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

There is mourning in the cottage as the twilight shadows
fall,
For a little rose-wood coffin has been brought into the hall.
And a little pallid sleeper,
In a slumber colder, deeper
Than the nights of life could give her, in its narrow borders
lies,
With the sweet and changeful lustre ever faded from her
eyes.

Since the morning of her coming, but a score of suns had
set,
And the strangeness of the dawning of her life is with her
yet ;

And the dainty lips asunder
Are a little pressed with wonder,
And her smiling bears the traces of a shadow of surprise,
But the wondering mind that made it looks no more from
out her eyes.

'Twas a soul upon a journey, and was lost upon its way ;
'Twas a flash of light from heaven on a tiny piece of clay ;
'Twas more timid, and yet bolder,
It was younger, and yet older,

It was weaker, and yet stronger, than this little human guise,
With the strange unearthly lustre ever faded from its eyes.

They will bury her the morrow ; they will mourn her as she
died ;

I will bury her the morrow, and another by her side ;

For the raven hair, but started,

Soon a maiden would have parted,

Full of fitful joy and sorrow—gladly gay and sadly wise ;

With a dash of worldly mischief in her deep and changeful
eyes.

I will bury her the morrow, and another by her side :

It shall be a wife and mother, full of love and care and
pride ;

Full of hope, and of misgiving ;

Of the joys and griefs of living ;

Of the pains of others' being, and the tears of others' cries ;

With the love of God encompassed in her smiling, weeping
eyes.

I will bury on the morrow, too, a grandame, wrinked, old ;
One whose pleasures of the present were the joys that had
been told ;

I will bury one whose blessing

Was the transport of caressing

Every joy that she had buried—every lost and broken
prize ;

With a gleam of heaven-expected, in her dim and longing
eyes.

I will joy for her to-morrow, as I see her compassed in,
For the lips now pure and holy might be some time stained
with sin ;

And the brow now white and stainless,
And the heart now light and painless,
Might have throbbed with guilty passion and with sin-en-
cumbered sighs
Might have surged the sea of brightness in the bright and
changeable eyes.

Let them bury her to-morrow—let them treasure her away ;
Let the soul go back to heaven, and the body back to clay ;
Let the future grief here hidden,
Let the happiness forbidden,
Be for evermore forgotten, and be buried as it dies,
And an angel let us see her, with our sad and weeping eyes.



'TIS SNOWING.

FIRST VOICE.

Hurra ! 'tis snowing !
On street and house-roof, gently cast,
The falling flakes come thick and fast ;
They wheel and curve from giddy height,
And speck the chilly air with white !
Come on, come on, you light-robed storm !
My fire within is blithe and warm,
 And brightly glowing !
My robes are thick, my sledge is gay ;
My champing steeds impatient neigh ;
My silver-sounding bells are clear,
With music for the muffled ear ;
And she within—my queenly bride—
Shall sit right gayly by my side ;
 Hurra ! 'tis snowing !

SECOND VOICE.

Good God ! 'tis snowing !
From out the dull and leaden clouds,
The surly storm impatient crowds ;
It beats against my fragile door,
It creeps across my cheerless floor ;

And through my pantry, void of fare,
 And o'er my hearth, so cold and bare,
 The wind is blowing ;
 And she who rests her weary head
 Upon our hard and scanty bed,
 Prays hopefully, but hopeless still,
 For bright spring days and whip-poor-will :
 The damp of death is at her brow,
 The frost is at her feet ; and now
 'Tis drearily snowing.

FIRST VOICE.

Hurra ! 'tis snowing !
 Snow on ! ye can not stop our ride,
 As o'er the white-paved road we glide :
 Past forest trees thick draped with snow,
 Past white-thatched houses, quaint and low ;
 Past rich-stored barn and stately herd,
 Past well-filled sleigh and kindly word,
 Right gayly going !
 Snow on ! for when our ride is o'er,
 And once again we reach the door,
 Our well-filled larder shall provide,
 Our cellar-doors shall open wide ;
 And while without 'tis cold and drear,
 Within, our board shall smile with cheer,
 Although 'tis snowing !

SECOND VOICE.

Good God ! 'tis snowing !
 Rough men now bear, with hurried tread,

My pauper wife unto her bed ;
And while, all crushed, but unresigned,
I cringe and follow close behind,
And while these scalding, bitter tears—
The first that stain my manhood years—
 Are freely flowing,
Her waiting grave is open wide,
And into it the snow-flakes glide.
A mattress for her couch they wreath ;
And snow above, and snow beneath,
Must be the bed of her who prayed
The sun might shine where she was laid ;
 And still 'tis snowing !



THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

I.

'Twas night in the beautiful city,
The famous and wonderful city,
The proud and magnificent city,
The Queen of the North and the West.

The riches of nations were gathered in wondrous and plentiful store ;
The swift-speeding bearers of Commerce were waiting on river and shore ;
The great staring walls towered skyward, with visage undaunted and bold,
And said, "We are ready, O Winter ! come on with your hunger and cold !
Sweep down with your storms from the northward ! come out from your ice-guarded lair !
Our larders have food for a nation ! our wardrobes have clothing to spare !
For off from the corn-bladed prairies, and out from the valleys and hills,
The farmer has swept us his harvests, the miller has emptied his mills ;
And here, in the lap of our city, the treasures of autumn shall rest,
In golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West !"

II.

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,
The temple and altar-decked city,
The turreted, spire-adorned city,
The Queen of the North and the West.

And out from the beautiful temples that wealth in its full-
ness had made,

And out from the haunts that were humble, where Poverty
peacefully prayed,

Where praises and thanks had been offered to Him where
they rightly belonged,

in peacefulness quietly homeward the worshiping multitude
thronged.

The Pharisee, laden with riches and jewelry, costly and
rare,

Who proudly deigned thanks to Jehovah he was not as
other men are ;

The penitent, crushed in his weakness, and laden with pain
and with sin ;

The outcast who yearningly waited to hear the glad bid-
ding, " Come in ;"

And thus went they quietly homeward, with sins and
omissions confessed,

In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the Queen of the North
and the West.

III.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,
The turbulent, vice-laden city,

The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,
 Though Queen of the North and the West.
 And low in their caves of pollution great beasts of humanity
 growled ;
 And over his money-strewn table the gambler bent fiercely,
 and scowled ;
 And men with no seeming of manhood, with countenance
 flaming and fell,
 Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains that spring from
 the rivers of hell ;
 And men with no seeming of manhood, who dreaded the
 coming of day,
 Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased plunder from men
 who were better than they ;
 And men with no seeming of manhood, whose dearest-crav-
 ed glory was shame,
 Whose joys were the sorrows of others, whose harvests were
 acres of flame,
 Slunk, whispering and low, in their corners, with bowie and
 pistol tight-pressed,
 In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago, though Queen of the
 North and the West.

IV.

'Twas night in the elegant city,
 The rich and voluptuous city,
 The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,
 Gay Queen of the North and the West.
 And childhood was placidly resting in slumber untroubled
 and deep ;

And softly the mother was fondling her innocent baby to
sleep ;
And maidens were dreaming of pleasures and triumphs the
future should show,
And scanning the brightness and glory of joys they were
never to know ;
And firesides were cheerful and happy, and Comfort smiled
sweetly around ;
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked into the window and
frowned.
And pitying angels looked downward, and gazed on their
loved ones below,
And longed to reach forth a deliverance, and yearned to
beat backward the foe ;
But Pleasure and Comfort were reigning, nor danger was
spoken or guessed,
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen of the North and
the West.

v.

Then up in the streets of the city,
The careless and negligent city,
The soon to be sacrificed city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,
Crept, softly and slyly, so tiny it hardly was worthy the
name,
Crept, slowly and soft through the rubbish, a radiant serpent
of flame.
The South-wind and West-wind came shrieking, " Rouse up
in your strength and your ire !

For many a year they have chained you, and crushed you,
O demon of fire!
For many a year they have bound you, and made you their
servant and slave!
Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a fiery and desolate
grave!
Freight heavy with grief and with wailing her world-scatter-
ed pride and renown!
Charge straight on her mansions of splendor, and battle her
battlements down!
And we, the strong South-wind and West-wind, with thrice-
doubled fury possessed,
Will sweep with you over this city, this Queen of the North
and the West!"

VI.

Then straight at the great, quiet city.
The strong and o'erconfident city,
The well-nigh invincible city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West.
The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and speeded them forth
on the wind,
With tinder and treasures before him, with ruins and tem-
pests behind.
The tenement crushed 'neath his footstep, the mansion oped
wide at his knock;
And walls that had frowned him defiance, they trembled
and fell with a shock;
And down on the hot, smoking house-tops came raining a
deluge of fire;

And serpents of flame writhed and clambered, and twisted
on steeple and spire ;
And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the city of riches and fame,
Was swept by a storm of destruction, was flooded by bil-
lows of flame.
The Fire-king loomed high in his glory, with crimson and
flame-streaming crest,
And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago, doomed Queen of
the North and the West.

VII.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,
The fearful and panic-struck city,
The startled and fire-deluged city,
Rushed back from the South and the West.
And loudly the fire-bells were clanging, and ringing their
funeral notes ;
And loudly wild accents of terror came pealing from thou-
sands of throats ;
And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling, and loud the
wheel's clatter and creak ;
And loud was the calling for succor from those who were
sightless and weak ;
And loud were the hoofs of the horses, and loud was the
tramping of feet ;
And loud was the gale's ceaseless howling through fire-light-
ed alley and street ;
But louder, yet louder, the crashing of roofs and of walls
as they fell ;

And louder, yet louder, the roaring that told of the coming
of hell.

The Fire-king threw back his black mantle from off his
great blood-dappled breast,

And sneered in the face of Chicago, the Queen of the
North and the West.

VIII.

And there, in the terrible city,
The panic-struck, terror-crazed city,
The flying and flame-pursued city,
The torch of the North and the West,

A beautiful maiden lay moaning, as many a day she had
lain,

In fetters of wearisome weakness, and throbbings of pitiful
pain.

The amorous Fire-king came to her—he breathed his hot
breath on her cheek ;

She fled from his touch, but he caught her, and held her, all
pulseless and weak.

The Fire-king he caught her and held her, in warm and un-
yielding embrace ;

He wrapped her about in his vestments, he pressed his hot
lips to her face ;

Then, sated and palled with his triumph, he scornfully flung
her away,

And, blackened and crushed in the ruins, unknown and un-
coffined, she lay—

Lay, blackened and crushed by the Fire-king, in ruined and
desolate rest,
Like ravished and ruined Chicago, the Queen of the North
and the west.

IX.

'Twas morn in the desolate city,
The ragged and ruin-heaped city,
The homeless and hot-smoking city,
The grief of the North and the West.

But down from the West came the bidding, "O Queen, lift
in courage thy head !

Thy friends and thy neighbors awaken, and hasten, with
raiment and bread."

And up from the South came the bidding, "Cheer up,
fairest Queen of the Lakes !

For comfort and aid shall be coming from out our savannas
and brakes !"

And down from the North came the bidding, "O city, be
hopeful of cheer !

We've somewhat to spare for thy sufferers, for all of our
suffering here !"

And up from the East came the bidding, "O city, be daunt-
less and bold !

Look hither for food and for raiment—look hither for credit
and gold !"

And all through the world went the bidding, "Bring hither
your choicest and best,

For weary and hungry Chicago, sad Queen of the North
and the West !"

x.

O crushed but invincible city !
O broken but fast-rising city !
O glorious and unconquered city,
Still Queen of the North and the West !

The long, golden years of the future, with treasures increasing and rare,
Shall glisten upon thy rich garments, shall twine in the folds of thy hair !
From out the black heaps of thy ruins new columns of beauty shall rise,
And glittering domes shall fling grandly our nation's proud flag to the skies !
From off thy wide prairies of splendor the treasures of autumn shall pour,
The breezes shall sweep from the northward, and hurry the ships to thy shore !
For Heaven will look downward in mercy on those who've passed under the rod,
And happ'ly again they will prosper, and bask in the blessings of God.
Once more thou shalt stand mid the cities, by prosperous breezes caressed,
O grand and unconquered Chicago, still Queen of the North and the West !

THE RAILROAD HOLOCAUST.

[NEW HAMBURG, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1871.]

Over the length of the beaten track,
Into the darkness deep and black,
 Heavy and fast
 As a mountain blast,
With scream of whistle and clang of gong,
The great train rattled and thundered along.

Travelers, cushioned and sheltered, sat,
Passing the time with doze and chat ;
 Thinking of naught
 With danger fraught ;
Whiling the hours with whim and song,
As the great train rattled and thundered along.

Covered and still the sleepers lay,
Lost to the dangers of the way ;
 Wandering back,
 Adown life's track,
A thousand dreamy scenes among ;
And the great train rattled and thundered along.

Heavily breathed the man of care ;
Lightly slept the maiden fair ;

And the mother pressed
Unto her breast
Her beautiful babes, with yearning strong ;
And the great train rattled and thundered along.

Shading his eyes with his brawny hand,
Danger ahead the driver scanned ;
And he turned the steam,
For the red light's gleam
Flashed warning to him there was something wrong ;
But the great train rattled and thundered along.

" Down the brakes !" rang the driver's shout :
" Down the brakes !" sang the whistle out :
But the speed was high,
And the danger nigh,
And Death was waiting to build his pyre ;
And the train dashed into a river of fire.

Into the night the red flames gleamed ;
High they leaped and crackled and streamed ;
And the great train loomed,
Like a monster doomed,
In the midst of the flames and their ruthless ire—
In the murderous tide of a river of fire.

Roused the sleeper within his bed ;
A crash, a plunge, and a gleam of red,
And the sweltering heat
Of his winding-sheet
Clung round his form, with an agony dire ;
And he moaned and died in a river of fire.

And they who were spared from the fearful death,
Thanked God for life, with quickened breath,
 And groaned that, too late,
 From a terrible fate
To rescue their comrades was their desire,
Ere they sunk in a river of death and fire.

Pity for them who, helpless, died,
And sunk in a river's merciless tide ;
 And blessings infold
 The driver bold,
Who, daring for honor, and not for hire,
Went down with his train in the river of fire.



THE CABLE.

Peal the clanging bell !
Thunder the brazen gun !
Over the earth in triumph swell
The notes of a victory won !
Not over field and ditch and corse ;
Not by musketry, cannon, and horse ;
Not by skirmishes bloody and fell ;
Not by the whiz of shot and shell ;
But men of will and thought,
Men of muscle and brain,
Have planned, and toiled, and suffered and fought,
And conquered the raging main !

Far from an Eastern shore,
By the second ark is brought,
Spanning the dusky distance o'er,
A line of glowing thought !
Dashing through ripples and torrents and waves,
Courting the gloom of mariners' graves ;
Hastily threading the ocean isles,
And bringing to naught three thousand miles !
For men of will and thought,
Men of muscle and brain,
Have planned, and toiled, and suffered, and fought,
And conquered the raging main !

Time in his car, indeed,
 Flits fast from place to place ;
But restless Thought has dared his speed,
 And Thought has won the race !
Man is as naught in Time's fierce clasp,
But Thought can escape his greedy grasp ;
And time shall have perished, by-and-by,
But the soul of Thought can never died !
 Thunder the guns as you ought !
 Well may the church-bells chime !
For man, with the Heaven-given sword of Thought,
 Has conquered the Scythe of Time !



SHIP "CITY OF BOSTON."

"We only know she sailed away,
And ne'er was heard of more".

Waves of the ocean that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?
Tell, as ye dash on the quivering strand,
Where is the crew that comes never to land?
Where are the hearts that, unfearing and gay,
Broke from the clasp of affection away?
Where are the faces that, smiling and bright,
Sailed for the death-darkened regions of night?
Waves of the ocean, that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?
Storms of the ocean, that bellow and sweep,
Where are the friends that went forth on the deep?
Where are the faces ye paled with your sneer?
Where are the hearts ye have frozen with fear?
Where is the maiden, young, tender, and fair?
Where is the grandsire, of silvery hair?
Where is the glory of womanhood's time?
Where the warm blood of man's vigor and prime?
Storms of the ocean, that bellow and pour,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

Birds of the ocean, that scream through the gale,
What have ye seen of a wind-beaten sail ?
Perched ye for rest on the shivering mast,
Beaten, and shattered, and bent by the blast ?
Heard ye the storm-threatened mariner's plea,
Birds of the bitter and treacherous sea ?
Heard ye no message to carry away
Home to the hearts that are yearning to-day ?
Birds of the ocean, that hover and soar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore ?

Depths of the ocean, that fathomless lie,
Where is the crew that no more cometh nigh ?
What of the guests that so silently sleep
Low in thy chambers, relentlessly deep ?
Cold is the couch they have haplessly won ;
Long is the night they have entered upon ;
Still must they sleep till the trumpet o'erhead
Summons the sea to uncover its dead.
Depths of the ocean, with treasures in store,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore ?

THE GOOD OF THE FUTURE.

Why is the mire in the trodden street,
And the dark stream by the sewer borne,
Spurned from even under our feet,
Grudged by us e'en the look of scorn?
There is fresh grass in its gloom—
There are sweetness and gloom ;
There is pulse for men to eat—
There are golden acres of wheat.
But so it is, and hath ever been :
The good of the future is e'er unseen.

Why is the mud of humanity spurned
E'en from the tread of the passer-by?
Why is the look of pity turned
From the bare feet and the downcast eye?
There is virtue yet to spring
From this poor trodden thing ;
There are germs of godlike power
In the trials of this hour ;
But so it is, and hath ever been :
The man of the future is e'er unseen.

THE JOYS THAT ARE LEFT.

If the sun have been gone while we deemed it might
shine ;

If the day steal away with no hope-bearing sign ;

If the night, with no sight of its stars or its moon,

But such clouds as it hath, closes down on our path over-
dark and o'er-soon ;

If a voice we rejoice in its sweetness to hear,

Breathe a strain for our pain that glides back to our ear ;

If a friend mark the end of a page that was bright,

Without pretext or need, by some reptile-like deed that coils
plain in our sight ;

If life's charms in our arms grow a-tired and take wing ;

If the flowers that are ours turn to nettles and sting ;

If the home sink in gloom that we labored to save,

And the garden we trained, when its best bloom is gained,
be enriched by a grave ;

Shall we deem that life's dream is a toil and a snare ?

Shall we lie down and die on the couch of despair ?

Shall we throw needless woe on our sad heart bereft ?

Or, grown tearfully wise, look with pain-chastened eyes at
the joys that are left ?

For the tree that we see on the landscape so fair,

When we hie to it nigh, may be fruitless and bare ;

While the vine that doth twine 'neath the blades of the
grass,
With sweet nourishment rife, holds the chalice of life toward
our lips as we pass.

So with hope let us grope for what joys we may find ;
Let not fears, let not tears make us heedless or blind ;
Let us think, while we drink the sweet pleasures that
are,
That in sea or in ground many gems may be found that
outdazzle the star.

There be deeds may fill needs we have suffered in vain,
There be smiles whose pure wiles may yet banish our
pain,
And the heaven to us given may be found ere we die ;
For God's glory and grace, and His great holy place, are
not all in the sky.

FARM BALLADS

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;

For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,

Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

“ What is the matter ?” say you. I swan it's hard to tell !

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well ;

I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree ;

Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime ;

We've been a-gathering this for years a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a
start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two
apart ;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and
bone ;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper
of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in
our creed ;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing
at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we
didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a
cow ;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question
was only—How ?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us
was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;
And full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke
a bowl ;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any
soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our
cup ;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin'
up ;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got ;
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times
as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same
way ;
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to
say ;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen
strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing
along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary
week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too
proud to speak ;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of
the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't
at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has
talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never
agree ;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine
shall be mine ;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to
sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have
her half ;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a
weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has
her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can
thrive and roam ;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a
home ;
And I have always determined, and never failed to
say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was
taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rabable
pay :
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of
that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir; at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in
such ;

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe
and young ;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with
her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart
perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several others
chaps ;
And all of them was fluestered, and fairly taken
down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in
town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of
sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me
day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy and ever a kitchen
clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen ;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other
facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-
night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all
right ;

And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I
know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the
world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't
occur :

That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to
her ;

And lay me under the maples I planted years ago.
When she and I were happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by
me,

And, lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;

And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it
queer

If we loved each other the better because we quarrel-
ed here.



HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer : how do you do
to-day ?

You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your
pay.

Don't cut down your figures ; make it an X or
a V ;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin'
of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin'
to do ;

And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team
alive,

They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I could't see
where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load ;

No—for I was travelin' an entirely different
road ;

For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives
ag'in,

And seein' where we missed the way, and where
we might have been.

And many a corner we'd ~~burned~~ turned that just to a
quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven
straight ahead ;
And the more I thought it over the more these
memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the
most to blame.
And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my
mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was
good and kind ;
And these things flashed all through me, as you
know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every-
thing is still.

“ But,” says I, “ we're too far along to take another
track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not
oft turn back ;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples
to smash in two ;”
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see
it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in
the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen
light ;

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person
makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to
pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set
for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to
see ;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket
as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow
didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the
house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat
would watch a mouse ;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her
cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong
side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the
agreement out,
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed
what 'twas about ;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and
then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in
my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-
shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to her-
self ;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin'
old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when
it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a
touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her
too much ;
But when she was through she went for me, her
face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty
years !

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't
come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in
the fire ;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside
of the cow ;
And we struck an agreement never to have ano-
ther row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak
cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all
to smash ;

And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and
learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it
here on earth.

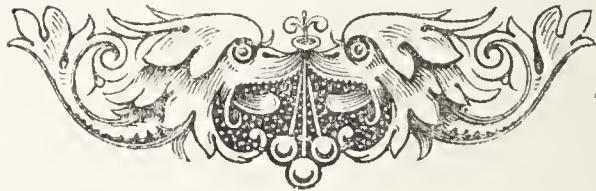
And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the
night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they
both grew light ;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from
so many men
Was nothin' to 'that evenin' I courted her over
again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call
on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle
another fuss ;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old
sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-
doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word
or two ;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just
what to do :
When one speaks cross the other just meets it
with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable
more than half.
Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this
style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it
once in a while ;
And I do it for a complement—'tis so that you
can see
That that there written agreement of yours was
the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop
short of an X ;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the
checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its
treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her
weight in gold.



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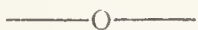
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